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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

LEVEL CULTURE OF HOED CROPS.

While the modern farmer, as a rule, avails himself of every change for the better in his farming operations, at the earliest moment possible, there are some modes of practice that he clings to with a tenacity that listens to no suggestions for a change; among them may be classed the hilling of hoed crops. While the farmers of Massachusetts lose, at a low estimate, not less than one million dollars every year by this practice, there seems to be no evidence that there is any disposition to abandon it, except among those who occupy the front ranks in agriculture.

A careful investigation will convince one, that the hilling process is continued for several reasons. First, a considerable portion of the labor on our farms is done by those who took their first lessons in agriculture in Europe, where, possibly the hilling process may be best, and persist in practicing in our hot, dry climate, what they were taught in a cool, moist climate. Second, the Yankee long ago learned that by covering up the weeds that grow in the hill, it saves pulling them out, and so he thinks it is economy to hill, because it covers up the weeds in the hill, and saves the bending of the back. Third, it seems to be the universal opinion, among those who practice hilling, that it prevents corn from blowing down, and potatoes from growing above ground. Because workmen have learned a practice that is not adapted to our climate, it is no good reason that we should permit them to continue it on our lands, to the great injury of our crops; we should insist upon it that they shall so change their ways, as will conform to the character of our climate.

As to the economy of hilling, the economy is in level culture; if the plough be used the first and second time of cultivation, and the earth be turned from the crop each way, it destroys all the weeds, except in the small square occupied by growing plants; if no manure containing weed seeds be placed in the hill, there will be but little trouble in keeping the weeds out; and if the last time of cultivation the cultivator be used, the land will be leveled off, and the weeds so completely destroyed, that there will be but very little to be done with the hand hoe.

Careful experiments have proved, that corn which is hilled, will blow down more than that which has level culture; this can be accounted for, by the fact, that corn roots run very near the surface, and when hills are made they are confined to the small space covered by the hill; but in level culture the roots run from one row to the other, thus making the corn stand strong, as nature intended, and in no way liable to blow down, except by an unusually violent wind.

In hilling potatoes a new set of roots are formed every time the hill is increased in height; wherever roots appear there small potatoes soon begin to form; those that form after the last hilling will be very near the top of the ground, at the peak of the hill, which the first heavy rain washes away, and leaves the potatoes exposed to the air. The real facts are, that more potatoes will grow out of ground by hilling than by level culture, providing the potatoes are planted as they should be. Potatoes that are not to be hilled should be planted deeper than those that are to be hilled; this gives room for the hill, in which the potatoes are to grow, to form below the surface, and as the land is kept level there is no danger of the potatoes being washed out by the first heavy shower, or suffering from the drought the first good sunny day, after a rain, as is often the case with those that are hilled. If there is any crop grown in New England, that ought not to be hilled it is potatoes; yet it is almost the universal practice among small farmers, to hill, and many of them to a degree that destroys more than half the crop.

As the potato grows best in cool moist weather, any method of culture which encourages coolness and moisture is beneficial, while on the contrary any method of culture which encourages dryness and heat, is injurious. If this reasoning be correct then it must be admitted that hilling potatoes is wrong, for it seems impossible that any one can fail to see that land which is hilled offers more surface to the sun and air, and that while the hills, where the potatoes are expected to grow, will easily dry through, the hollows between having had all of the pulverized earth scraped off, bake so hard that the moisture from below is rapidly conducted up to the air; thus in two ways the ground is losing its coolness and moisture by hilling.

In level culture, the land is kept loose, and thus the sun has comparatively little power to draw up the moisture, and as long as the ground is kept pulverized, it cannot bake; every rain that comes, however small, reaches the roots of the potatoes, and is not carried off, as is the case where the land is hilled. Repeated experiments have proved, that when potatoes are properly planted, level culture, on land that is not wet, will produce twice the amount of potatoes, as those that are hilled, the treatment otherwise being the same. Potatoes that are not to be hilled, should not be planted near the surface, nor should they be planted on the top of the manure that is put in the hill; if manure must be put in the hill, it should be on the top of the seed. In level culture, the seed should be put at least four inches below the level of the surface of the ground, but when covered, left in a depression, to be leveled up at the first hoeing; in this way large crops can be obtained even in seasons as dry as last year.

The prejudice against level culture, for Indian corn, is not so great as that for potatoes, yet the hilling process, even in growing corn, is practised to an extent that reduces the amount grown in the State, many thousands of bushels every year. The fact, that the premium crops of corn are almost invariably grown by level culture, speaks in language not to be mistaken. We have never yet seen seventy-five bushels to the acre, grown where the land was hilled very much, but we have seen over a hundred bushels to the acre, where level culture was practised.

We hope that in future, farmers will pay more attention to the subject, than they have in the past; that they will, by careful observation and experiments, satisfy themselves beyond the possibility of a doubt, which is the best, hilling or level culture. When we fully understand the best methods of culture, for each crop, there will be less complaint about the weather, and the losses by the dry weather. Intelligent farming will do much to assist crops in their struggles with the extreme variations in the weather.

"FARM LAW."

The address of Judge Bennett on "Farm Law," republished in this week's *Ploughman* by request of many subscribers, will be perused by all farmers with renewed interest, and it would be well for each one to keep a copy by him for ready reference. In negotiating for the purchase and sale of a farm there are a great many matters, apparently of trivial import, which it is important for both sides to know. Both the law and the custom should be thoroughly understood and always kept conveniently in mind. It would save much misunderstanding, and many disappointments and losses. The elucidation of the subject by Judge Bennett is complete and impressive. No items in the general consideration are omitted that are of any practical serviceability. There is many a man, owner of a farm or desirous of becoming such, who will be glad to be put in plain possession, in this way, of the necessary preliminary steps to sale or purchase, and to be cautioned by competent authority against omissions and misapprehensions which are at any period of the affair liable to vitiate the whole transaction. Here a full chart of the business is spread out before the seeker for authentic information. We feel sure that the readers of the *Ploughman* will be glad of this ready repository of information which is likely to be of value to them at times which may now be unexpected. Judge Bennett has conveniently divided the subject for the easier apprehension of his remarks, and each division will be found to be of equal value in its appropriate place and time. We commend it to attentive and general perusal.

"TO MAKE PURE VINEGAR."

A correspondent, "C. B.," of Milton, Mass., in the *Ploughman* of June 11, made some inquiries in regard to making pure vinegar, which were inadvertently overlooked. In answer to our correspondent, we will state that the strength of vinegar depends on the amount of alcohol in the cider, one atom of alcohol uniting with two atoms of hydrogen, changes the cider to vinegar. There are three ways by which the strength of the vinegar, or cider may be lost. First, when the cider is partially changed to vinegar, if the the temperature around it rises to 85 or 90 degrees, Fah, the alcohol evaporates and leaves the liquid but little better than water. Second, occasionally a ferment plant forms, called *Mycederma-vini* which sometimes causes the vinegar to change to water. Third, by placing the barrel in a convenient position, for a lover of hard cider to frequently draw a drink from the tap, and keep the quantity good by filling up with water at the bung. We presume that C. B. kept his where it was too hot; while it needs a temperature above 60 it should never rise much above 80 degrees. Vinegar can be made at a lower temperature if one has time, and the quality is usually better than that which is made in a short time. A basement where it does not freeze is a good place to make vinegar, by placing the cider into vinegar barrels, good vinegar, in such place, can be made in from twelve to eighteen months, which will be strong enough to satisfy any one.

SELLING BY WEIGHT.

It cannot be denied but what the fairest way in disposing of articles from the farm is by weight. It is the only proper way; and why? Let us take eggs, for instance! A dozen of large eggs, under the present system of traffic, brings no more than a dozen of small ones. No one will pretend to say there is any justice in this. Then take potatoes or turnips, or apples or onions or fruit of any kind. A person who understands "dark ways" can make, by measuring by the bushel or quart, a good deal more or less according to the interests that suits him. In all the berries sold in this market by the quart there is a leakage in the measure in most instances. Honest scales won't cheat.

It is just as right to sell wool by the fleece as it is eggs by the dozen or hay by the load—as to sell potatoes, tomatoes, wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn, apples, berries by the quart or bushel. There is no justice in it, neither is there any representation in it. The only fair way in either buying or selling farm products is by the weight.—*Ex.*

AMERICAN SONG BIRDS IN EUROPE.

[Drover's Journal.]

Several species of native American birds are finding friends and purchasers across the Atlantic—in Germany, France and even England. The nonpareil, for example, one of our very handsomest birds, was sent over to Europe last year the number of three thousand five hundred by one single house. The cardinal, or Virginia nightingale, or Virginia red bird, is likewise making the grand tour. Over five thousand of these cardinals were exported last year from the city of New York. The indigo, or American blue-bird, is likewise on his travels abroad, while an American bobolink took the first prize in a world's fair in England. Even the Irish, a proverbially hard people to convince, have practically confessed that, "although the Irish thrush is the best, the American brown thrush is just as good."

☞ The best kinds of fat Texan cattle are selling at prices full 75 cents per 100 lbs above the prices current one year ago, while the difference in the prices of canning cattle is very much less. The latter are rather slow to sell, while good fat stock is in strong request. Quality tells.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

CORRECT RULES FOR MEASURING HAY.

Editor Mass. Ploughman:

Can you give me the correct rules for measuring hay? and oblige,

Yours &c. A. E.

North Woburn, Mass.

It is very difficult to establish any rules, to ascertain the weight of hay, by measurement, for several reasons. First, the varieties of grasses differ in weight very much. Second, the space, which a hundred pounds of any variety will fill depends on the ripeness, and on the method of drying, as well as the degree it is dried. Third, the larger the quantity of hay packed together, the less space will a ton occupy. Fourth, the longer the hay lies together, the more compact will it be. Authorities differ as to the number of cubic feet for a ton of 2000 pounds, some estimating it as low as eight cubic yards while others place it as high as twelve to the ton; the first being 216 and the last 324 cubic feet. Our experience is, that the highest number of cubic feet, is not enough, in an ordinary barn, unless the hay is very heavy, and is tramped down very hard when put in. While a person of good judgment, may, with some experience, estimate a barn of hay very near by measurement, the large majority would often make great mistakes. The best way to learn, is to have a ton weighed, and then by measuring the space which it occupied the balance can be estimated very near.—[Ed.

A DISEASED QUINCE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I herewith forward to your office for inspection a diseased quince. Can any of you tell what is the cause of the blast; or what can be done to cure the blight?

Truly yours, D. S. W.

Southboro', July 20, 1881.

Undoubtedly the real cause of the disease of the sample quince sent, is the long continued cloudy and moist weather. The quince is evidently covered with a fungus growth, which probably would not have developed itself in dry sunny weather. We have noticed, that not only has the fruit been injured but also the leaves of the bushes; in some cases nearly one-half of them are dead. A change of weather will do more to cure the disease than anything that man can do those that are only slightly blasted may recover, but many of them will probably drop before matured. Plums several weeks ago were affected in the same way, only not to such extent; they have recovered, and most of them continue to grow, but a very large portion of the fruit on some trees is rough on one side, thus leaving the marks of the disease. Should the wet weather continue a few weeks longer, we may expect that the leaves, as well as the fruit of many kinds of trees will be affected.—[Ed.

SQUIRREL TAIL GRASS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I send you a sample of grass found growing on the tracks of the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad at South Boston. The seed probably came from the West by the freight cars and was swept out there, or might have come from the other side of the water by steamer. Can you give the name and description of it? W. H. H.

West Hingham, July 16, 1881.

This is an American grass known by the name of Squirrel Tail grass, (*Hordeum jubatum*) and belongs to the same genus as the two-rowed barley (*Hordeum distichum*). It grows on the borders of the western lakes, where the soil is sandy; it is also found on moist, sandy soil, near the sea shore, and sometimes on marsh land. It is not a valuable grass for feeding purposes, therefore its growth should not be encouraged.—[Ed.

The Poultry Interest.

CHINA GEESE.

[National Live Stock Journal.]

There are three varieties of these, all alike beautiful and commendable in their separate way.

1st. The pure White, about two-thirds the size of the common goose. This has a long, slender, and very graceful neck, a golden rim around each eye, an orange-colored bill, joined to the head by a large knob, orange legs and feet, and an oval body. Grace is in all its movements, more especially when swimming, diving, and pluming itself in the water. It has a shrill, musical cry, lays 20 to 30 eggs early in the spring, and sometimes as many more in autumn.

2d. The Brown China, of the same size, shape, and appearance as the White, above. A brown stripe, several shades darker than the body, commences on front of the head and runs down the back of the neck to the body. It has a black bill and knob, but orange-colored legs and feet.

The ganders of either of these varieties, crossed on the common goose, produce a larger and finer gosling for the table than the parents. Well fattened at six months old, they will dress, net, from 9 to 11 lbs.

3d. Smaller variety than the two above, of similar characteristics, but of a darker brown than number two in body and back of neck. The color of the feet and legs of this sort is different, being black, as well as the knob and bill. It is now quite scarce in America, but 30 years ago and more, abounded in several poultry preserves.

The African Goose is marked much like number two of the China, but is nearly double the size, with a large dewlap under the lower jaw. It is a coarser bird in all its points than this, not so graceful on land or in the water, nor is it so prolific in laying. A golden circle adorns each of the eyes. Its cry is hoarse, and so loud that it can be heard at a great distance. It is, upon the whole, rather a magnificent bird; and all will adorn both the land and the water.

☞ Mr. Adam Scott, a prominent Maine sheep-breeder, last winter fed 350 wethers, and to discern how rapidly they were gaining in flesh, selected two which he weighed every month. On the 12th of January they weighed respectively 120 and 135 lbs, and continued to gain steadily up to the 12th of April, when they weighed 150 and 170. They were then fed on 1 1-2 lbs of corn daily with all the hay they could eat. The total cost of feed being estimated at 17 cents per month, while the gain in flesh was equal to 37 cents per month—an increase of about 10 cents per month for each sheep over the value of food eaten.

☞ Growing or adult fowls drink a great deal, if they have pure water by them constantly. If this drink be clean and accessible, they visit the tank or fountain often—milk is healthy and profitable.

Horticulture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"ASPARAGUS."

NUMBER VIII.

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I send you the following extracts from Boston papers of nearly fifty years ago:—

"REMARKABLE ASPARAGUS.—Mr. S. Pond exhibited at the Horticultural Rooms, specimens of this vegetable of an uncommon magnitude, and deserving honorable mention in the annals of Horticulture.

May 30, 12 shoots, common length, weight 2 lbs.

June 6th, 12 shoots, common length, weight 2 1-2 lbs.

This was raised by the common mode of cultivation; but the kind is far better than the Dutch, or any other sort now in use. Mr. Pond had it under the name of Giant, and it proved as recommended."—From a Boston paper, 1835.

"GIANT ASPARAGUS.—Mr. S. Pond of Cambridge, has favored us with a sample of his new kind of Asparagus, which in size and flavor excels anything of the sort which ever pleased the palate of a man of taste. The best manufacture of our author's shop, or authorship, are at the service of Mr. Pond in return for the foregoing favor."—Boston paper, 1836.;

This was nearly half a century ago, and it is very doubtful if any asparagus has been equalled from that day to this. In searching for some record of greater results, I find the following:

In 1851 "a Mr. Grayson, an extensive grower on the South Bend of the Thames, introduced a new kind of his 'Giant' asparagus; but it proved to be only the usual kind. He made it a 'Giant' by putting mould over the very largest heads he could find on his extensive beds, which cover about thirty acres. The heads were cut and shown in market as a new sort. They were about 18 inches or more in length, and 100 heads weighed 42 pounds, being 10 times the size of other asparagus, only three or four inches were fit for eating."—Magazine of Horticulture, 1851.

In 1852 "Jos. Crosby of Arlington, Mass., exhibited 14 stalks which weighed 1 pound 9 ounces."

In 1870 Mr. Connover sent from New Jersey, specimens of his famous asparagus "18 heads weighing 56 ounces."

The same date "A. B. Moore of Concord, exhibited 12 heads of Moore's Giant, which weighed 53 ounces."—Transactions of Mass. Horticultural Society, 1870.

In both of the latter specimens the stalks were a foot or more in length, and allowing for the difference between that size and "common length," Mr. Pond's surpassed either of them.

In 1871, Mr. J. Garland of Exeter, Eng., exhibited 50 heads over 8 lbs. in weight, and frequently produced asparagus weighing 13 lbs. the 100 heads."—Garden for 1880.

The varieties as now or recently enumerated, are Dutch, Pond's Giant, Common Giant, Moore's Giant, Grayson's Giant, Smalley's Defiance, Connover's Colossal, Moore's Colossal Prize, Moore's Cross Bred, and the Argenteuil varieties, known as the Early, the Late, and the Intermediate.

It has been contended by some writers that there is little or no difference in the varieties of asparagus as regards size, only as effected by culture. Mr. Leboeuf, who has certainly had good experience, expresses himself as follows: "Culture and selection have so great an influence on vegetables that they modify, not only their constitution, but the mode of growth and their flavor. It is by dint of constant observation, combined with great care and patience, that the asparagus growers of Argenteuil have succeeded in improving this vegetable, by creating, as it were, two varieties, the Early and Late and that they have rendered these varieties permanent, so that they may always be depended upon in being superior to the common parent, both in size and quality." Yet he freely admits while using the terms variety and sub-variety, he does not wish them to be understood in the strict botanical sense; they must be looked upon as cultured expressions, that is to say, that these varieties are capable of returning to their original type, if they are neglected or badly cultivated. Such precisely has been my own belief, viz.: that they are selections and by no means distinct varieties like the Lima and Cranberry bean, or the Rice and Common corn, and their distinctness and excellence only kept up by the vigilance and good judgment of the cultivator. To call any variety "Cross Bred" is a misnomer. M. Leboeuf tells us how it is done: "In those localities which are most renowned for asparagus—at Argenteuil, for instance—the growers attach the greatest importance to having good varieties, and they not only choose from among those of their neighbors, so much so that a grower who has cultivated a number of seedling plants with the greatest care, suddenly finds himself deprived of them, just at the time of gathering the seed. It has also happened that shoots were destroyed by those who stole the seed. So that the proper owner of them was no longer able to procure a supply at will. This trait in the character of asparagus growers will show how much importance they attach to the choice of good varieties."

It would be interesting to discuss the subject further, but enough has been said to show that, as the only way of increasing the stock is by seed, the only alternative is, intelligent selection of the seed bearing plants.

With these somewhat extended remarks I proceed to the cultivation of asparagus, giving the experience of Mr. Pond, who was my near neighbor, and whose beds were examined several times during the year, and who gave me the details of his practice himself.

I must admit that I have never attempted to grow asparagus on a large or small scale. During forty years I have raised several hundred thousand roots for sale, from all the above varieties I have named, but four, and have found but little difference, except in the old Dutch, at the age of two or three years; and I have always had plenty of good asparagus, though not large, for home use, from these plantations. This year I have regaled myself upon the real Argenteuil variety, from roots sent me two years ago by M. Leboeuf, and cannot have a better opportunity to thank him for his courtesy and politeness, so characteristic of his countrymen, during our visit to Argenteuil.

One thing I can record my experience in; and this is the destruction of an old asparagus bed; and can truly say that mining gold or coal is fun compared with that work. Neither spade or crowbar were of any avail, only the sharpest axe, and undermining would make any impression on the old roots—tougher than catgut.

Curious as it may appear, Mr. Pond's mode of culture was almost identical with that of the Argenteuil cultivators of to-day, and is given briefly as follows:

"In the month of May select a spot of ground sufficiently large to plant the number of roots intended; if the plantation is to be large and intended for supplying the market the ground should be ploughed to a good depth; if for a common kitchen garden it should be trenched to the depth of sixteen inches: make the surface of the bed level after this operation is performed. Then proceed to mark out the places to dig the trenches for the roots; they should be two and a half feet apart; stretch a line the whole length of the bed, and with a small pointed stick make a drill; draw the next two and a half feet from this, and so on to the whole width. Then proceed to throw out the soil six inches on each side of the drill, and ten deep, laying it up in ridges between each trench. After this is done throw in about four inches of manure; level the same and add about two inches of soil on the surface, scraped from the sides of the trenches; level this also, and all is ready for planting."

This is plain as well as simple, merely ploughing the land, or slight trenching,—not three or four feet and cart loads of manure. The after culture is just the same as before detailed, gradually filling up the trenches and covering the whole bed, before winter, with two or three inches of fine horse manure and forking it in early in the spring.

The gardening periodicals of England have recently devoted much space to the culture of asparagus, a vegetable of such excellence as to well repay it. I only hope what has been stated will induce our cultivators to give us a much better article than is usually found on our market.

TIMBER GROWING.

[W. F. Brown, in Country Gentleman.]

The question what and how we shall plant, is an important one for the timber grower. I regret that my experience does not extend only to three varieties—locust, soft maple and catalpa. One rule I would lay down is, always to plant in nursery row or seed bed, and transplant to the plantation at one year old. I would always plant four by four feet in starting a plantation, as this close planting induces a straight, upward growth, and three-fourths of the trees can be cut out after they are large enough for use. To grow a row of locust or soft maple will require only two square rods of ground, and it will be an easy matter to prepare the soil and care for the plants on this small area, while it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get a good stand and growth, if planted where they were to grow. To make locust seeds germinate they must be repeatedly scalded. Put the seed in a light vessel and pour boiling water on it, and let it stand until cool, when about one seed in twelve to twenty will be swollen to three times its natural size. These must be separated and the scalding water again applied. This time a larger proportion will swell, and by repeating it four or five times all will be made to swell. This swelled seed will grow as quickly as corn. In sowing the seeds use a sieve coarse enough to let the seeds that have not swelled pass through, retaining the swollen ones. The seeds may be spread in the sun and partially dried so as to make them sift easily. If not ready to plant it can be kept some days in a cool place, spread two inches deep and covered with a wet cloth. Sow in drills two and a half feet apart, six or eight seeds to the foot, and cover one inch. The plants will grow from three to five feet high the first season, and make fine roots.

Soft maple seeds must be gathered as soon as ripe, which will be with the ripening of strawberries—late May or early June. Plant immediately without drying, and they will come up in a short time, and make about as fine a growth as locust. Catalpa seed is very delicate, lighter than parsnip seed, and on clay land if there comes a heavy rain, it cannot come up through the crust. They bear transplanting as well as cabbages, and I would recommend sowing thickly in a prepared seed bed, and then transplanting to nursery rows six inches apart, letting them stand one year. They will, with good care, grow four feet high the first season, and very stocky. I think it better to give catalpas a little more room, and allow only 200 plants to the square rod, instead of 500, as I recommend for locusts and maple. The earlier the trees can be planted in spring the better, but the ground must work dry and fine. Plough and harrow till in good order, and mark out with the two-horse plough, making a furrow as deep as the land is ploughed. Three hands are needed in planting, but a boy will do for one. One holds the tree upright, and the others with light shovels throw the soil on the roots and press it with their feet. I think 1,000 can be planted well in half a day by two men and a boy.

Where to plant is an important question. As a general rule, I would say, plant on land not well suited for cultivation. A hillside that would soon be seamed and gullied into barrenness when cultivated, if set in trees and sown with blue grass, becomes profitable and ornamental. It is a good plan to plant shelter belts on the north and west sides of exposed fields. Dr. Warder made the statement that on the prairies of the West, with one-fifth of the land planted in timber, they would grow as much wheat as when the whole breadth was sown. I feel satisfied that there are many exposed fields that would actually yield more grain if a double or triple row of trees was planted along the western and northern borders. These timber belts would shelter both stock and crops, and grow into valuable timber. I am planting from one to two thousand trees each year on my farm, and there is no crop I raise in which I take so much pride and pleasure, as my timber belts.

Porcine.

THE PIG PEN.

[American Rural Home.]

Paralysis of the hind quarters in pigs is sometimes caused by inflammation of and consequent effusion upon the animal marrow, causing pressure and loss of nerve power. Sensation and power of motion may often be restored by the application of a mild irritant to the loins. Turpentine or a thin paste of mustard rubbed upon the loins over the spine generally leads to a cure. It is brought on by colds and damp quarters, or exposure to cold rains, and is more frequent in young pigs than old ones. A chill will sometimes produce it suddenly.

A thorough-bred pig, in starting a herd, is chiefly valuable in breeding to common stock. By using a thorough-bred boar upon common sows, a half-blood is obtained that does very well for breeding purposes, which can be further improved by selecting for the same sow pigs, feeding them liberally, and again getting a thoroughbred boar to use with them. If this is practised a year or two it will produce pigs equal to pure blood. But grade or impure mates should never be used, as the tendency is to run back to the scrub. The thorough-bred if purchased young, can be obtained for a small sum. He can be used one season and then sold, or castrated or fed, when he will, of himself, almost or quite pay for his original cost. Breeding in-and-in in the swine family won't answer.

Correspondence.

HOT WEATHER.

Sunstrokes and New York City.

[From our Southern correspondent.]

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I observe that the newspapers of the north speak of the exceptionally hot wave of the West, with little or no reference to the hot wave of the South.

The first hot waves, as they are called, were experienced in the North, West and South in May. This hot spell produced sunstrokes in the West, as early as the 10th of that month. The hot spell the first of June, ending about the 10th ult., caused thirteen sunstrokes in New Orleans in a few days. This was quite unusual, for though New Orleans is so far south, sunstrokes are hardly known in that city. At the same time the heat up the Mississippi valley was oppressive, sunstrokes occurring at Vicksburg and two or three other places in the West. The South was beginning to feel the heat. The second heating intervale of June brought more sunstrokes for the South and West. The great heating intervale, however, began in the South the 2d of July—the mercury continuing to run up. Accounts of the heat in the West are familiar to all, but the country cannot be aware of the fact, that in Alabama, at least, the mercury stood at 105 degs. in the shade for several days, and has reached a maximum of 95 degs. every day since the second; showing very little abatement of the heat during the morning and evening—the range about 8 o'clock A. M. being near 90 deg. in the shade. Showers and pleasant breezes during the day account for the lower perpetual temperature of the day.

I thought that I would call the attention of the readers of the *Ploughman* to the fact that the heat is general. I do not believe the reports of the *New York Sun* from Hunnicutt's Pharmacy of the state of the temperature for July, are correct. If they are the hot waves are flanked surely in that quarter by sea breezes for the especial purpose of making New York city what the *New York Sun* is now claiming it to be, a pleasant summer resort for visitors from the South and West. Wouldn't it be just as well for the *Sun* to publish the state of the temperature for the city from the signal station, if it isn't too far out of town, or give us the mean between its hottest and coolest locality, and let us judge for ourselves about this summer resort? Your correspondent must keep an Ice Cream and Lemonade ice saloon.

GEO. R. CATHER.

Asheville, Ala., July 18, 1881.

Horticulture.

CRANBERRY FARMING.

[Prairie Farmer.]

The cultivation of the cranberry, which has been going on in New Jersey and in Connecticut for some years, is extending in some of the Western states. Within a few years several attempts in different parts of Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin have been made in a small way to cultivate this popular fruit, but we believe they have been attended with indifferent success, except perhaps in Wisconsin. The supplies of fruit have been drawn chiefly from marshes where the berry grows in its wild state. These resources, however, are not now to be depended on, and the subject of cranberry farming has for some time attracted attention here. There are large marshes in Wisconsin whence have come the bulk of Western supplies. We have heretofore given statistics of the importations of this crop to Wisconsin. Something over 7,500 acres of land were cultivated in 1876, and we understand that more than twice that area is now devoted to the culture of this berry. Cultivation consists in flooding the marshes from November until May and in proper management at other times. To do this successfully, the marshes have to be ditched and the water, when superfluous in quantity, in the soil can be drawn off. By damming and diking and the use of proper appliances the ground can be irrigated when it is desired to do so.

A few days ago N. D. Fratt, President of the Wisconsin State Board of Agriculture, and other members of the Board, paid a visit to one of the large cranberry farms in that State located in Jackson county near Beaver Station, on the Wisconsin Valley railroad—a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road. Here is the largest marsh in that State, which from its soil and location can be utilized in the cultivation of the cranberry, and these advantages have not been overlooked. An organization known as the Grand Marsh Cranberry Company with a capital of $200,000—composed chiefly of Chicago men and incorporated under the laws of Illinois—has purchased 4,300 acres of this marsh which bid fair to become the greatest cranberry farm in the United States. We learn that 600 acres are already under cultivation, and that 200 acres started five years ago will yield, it is estimated, this season (September) an average of 100 bushels to the acre, and the remaining 400 acres about fifty bushels to the acre, which will be an excellent crop, though in time it will be more than doubled. The company owns its buildings and warehouse at the marsh, a warehouse at Beaver, and has thirty miles of ditch and ten miles of dam completed. It also has a full waterright and a reservoir of 100 acres with an average depth of three feet, which will amply supply the flood necessary to manure and keep the vines and kill the bog-moss. This property and improvements are valued at $250,000. To pick the crop this season will require 150 hands. To the cultivator the berry is a paying investment, as it costs but little to raise, and in return yields about 30 per cent. net annually on the investment in lands, selling in market for from $2.50 to $4.50 per bushel. Wisconsin being free from the blight common in New Jersey marshes and the worm to be found in the Connecticut marshes, the attention of Eastern capitalists who are interested in the culture of the berry has been drawn to the peat marshes of that State. The officers of the company are Joseph J. White, president; Byron P. Moulton, treasurer; Frank L. Wilson, secretary; Charles J. Adriance, superintendent at the marsh.

In Wisconsin the cranberry crop represents an important industry, and it promises to assume still greater importance there in the future. Means. Fratt & Miner will make a report of their visit to the State Board of Agriculture, and it is intended to offer a premium at the Wisconsin State Fair for the best specimens of fruit.

☞ Nine stallions have a record in harness below 2:20, the list being as follows: Alexander 2:19, Bonsetter 2:19, Wedgewood 2:19, Nutwood 2:18 3-4, Robert McGregor 2:18 3-4, Monroe Chief 2:18 1-4, Santa Claus 2:18, Hannis 2:17 3-4, Smuggler 2:15 1-4. Honest Allen has a record of 2:17 1-4 with running mate.

☞ No farmer can give his stock too much care and attention.

"FARM LAW."

BY JUDGE BENNETT.

[An Address delivered before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.]

REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

In an article upon the Rights and Duties of Farmers, we shall naturally be expected to treat of those rights and duties which are peculiar to farmers, or rather such as are peculiarly important to them; and if you find me unusually dry in my presentation of it you will remember that it is an unusually dry subject, though to those pecuniarily concerned not wholly devoid of interest. And naturally the first inquiry is

How to Buy a Farm.

It is quite generally known that a mere oral bargain for a farm is not binding in law upon the owner, but it may not be so well understood that an offer to sell a farm for a given price, even though it be by letter, or other simple writing, may not be binding upon the proposer until it is actually accepted by the buyer, and he has also agreed to take it and pay the price stated in the offer. Therefore the owner may retract his offer to sell at any time before it is accepted and he is notified thereof. And although in making his offer to sell he should expressly give you a certain number of days in which to decide, he may nevertheless change his mind in the meantime and sell to another who offers a higher price, even before the given time has expired, and you would have no legal redress for your disappointment.

Nay, more; although you had fully made up your mind to take the farm, but had not notified the vendor of that fact, and should go to greet him and expense in buying stock, tools, agricultural implements, etc., to carry on the farm, and should even move your family there to take possession, the owner might even then refuse to sell, and you would have no legal remedy either to compel him to convey or for the expenses you had thus incurred, relying upon his keeping his word. The only safe way in such cases is to take a *bond* for a deed, as it is called; an ordinary "reiusal" of property, for a stated time, as it is termed, is a dangerous thing to rely upon, unless you are dealing with a man "whose word is as good as his bond," and they are very scarce. And if a particular time is given you in which to accept an offer to sell, you should be particular to satisfy your acceptance within the given time, and to do so entirely unconditionally. In one instance a man had ten days in which to make up his mind, and on the night of the last day, about half past eleven at night, he called at the owner's house, after he was abed and asleep, and said he would take the farm. The owner refused to get up or to take the money the next day, and the buyer tried to get the farm by a suit at law, but it was decided that he came too late, on the last day, and he not only lost his trade, but had to pay the costs of suit (2 Allen, 308, 309.) In another case A. wrote to B. he would sell him his farm for $3000 cash. B. wrote back immediately he would take it if A. would make out his deed and send it to a lawyer for examination, and if all right the lawyer would pay him his $3000, but it was decided that B. had not accepted A.'s offer, and consequently there might withdraw it (53 Me., 511.) But supposing the grantor is willing to give you a deed, it is unnecessary to say that it must have the seal of the grantor attached, as in the case of Ayer v. Ayer, (4 Cush, 437,) and no traveller can hitch his horse to your trees in the sidewalk without being liable, if he gnaws the bark or otherwise injures them (54 Me., 460). If your well stands partly on your land and partly outside the fence

man injured in his person or property by a dog may now have either mode of redress; he may tie his claim with the selectmen and take simply the amount of damages he may have sustained, or he may go for the owner of the dog and get double damages, if he can, but he cannot by both methods. If he is paid his simple damage out of the dog tax, the County may compel the owner of the guilty dog to refund the amount paid out. But no man is obliged to wait until the mischief is done, and then seek redress by the law's delay. You may take the law into your own hands, and kill any dog, licensed or not, that suddenly ass ults you while peaceably walking or r ding in the public streets, and so you may if the dog is found out of the enclosure or care of the owner, wounding, worrying, or killing any neat cattle, sheep or lamb.

If a dog is not licensed your right to kill him is much broader. The law says: "You may k l him "whenever or wherever found." These are its exact words. But if you think this authorizes you to kill him on his owner's premises, and should pursue him into the owner's house and then kill him, contrary to his owner's wishes, you might find out your mistake by being compelled to pay, not only the full value of the dog, but also for unlawful entry and trespass (1 Allen, 151; 109 Mass. 276). "Whenever and wherever found," therefore, don't mean exactly what it says. Such are the quirks of the law! Some people call it a sort of "hocus pocus science."

Again, do not think that because you can openly and publicly shoot an unlicensed dog, or any dog hanging around your premises annoying your family, you can therefore poison him, for even the exposing of any poison for that purpose, whether the dog touches it or not, is a crime, for which the penalty is $20 and the cost of prosecution. And this is very moderate, considering that for the malicious poisoning of some other domestic animals —even a sucking calf—you may obtain a free residence in that splendid new State building at Concord for five years, unless you see fit to break out before that time. Thus much for the law of dogs. And the only crumb of consolation I can offer on this subject is this: if two dogs, yours and your neighbor's, go off on a joint raid on a flock of sheep, you are bound to pay only for those your dog killed, and not the others, if anybody can find out which was which (20 Pick, 477); whereas if the two owners of the dogs go out together to rob a melon patch, either one is liable for all the melons carried away; so that in one respect the law seems to favor the dogs. On the other hand, as a man is not liable for any mischief which his boys may do while trespassing on other people's grounds, in this respect ag in the law is rather against the dogs.

Water Rights and Drainage.

Water is flowing and fleeting, and the rights of farmers therein are much of the same kind. If a stream of water flows through a farm, the owner has a right to use any reasonable quantity of it, as it flows along, for watering his stock, irrigating his land, or supplying his house for domestic use; but he must not monopolize the whole. His neighbor's cattle must have water also. He may to some extent change the course and flow of the brook on his own land, provided he turns it back into the natural channel before it reaches the land below him. He has no right to conduct it into his neighbor's land, without his consent, at a different point or place than where it naturally entered therein. He may build fish ponds, or otherwise dam up the stream, provided he does not thereby flow back on the land above him. If he does so he is liable to a suit for trespass, and finally, if he continues it, to an injunction. A farmer acquires no rights either in another's land, without his consent, as a mill owner has, as the statutes giving such right, upon payment of a fair compensation, apply only to mill-dams and the like, and if your neighbor below you does dam up the stream as to flow back on you, you may enter on his land and take down enough of the obstruction to relieve your land of the overflow.

So if a natural stream becomes obstructed by leaves, sticks and rubbish, you have a right to go on to the land and remove the obstructions, so that the water will flow as freely as before (3 Met. 429); and the natural deposits you may place on the banks of the stream (21 Pick. 341.)

The same rules prevail as to artificial water courses or ditches, provided you have acquired a right to have such running through another's land. But you have not ordinarily such a right unless you or your predecessors have purchased the privilege of him, or have enjoyed it so long and under such circumstances as to have thereby gained a *prescriptive right*, as it is called, or lastly, have the ditch opened by commissioners appointed by the Court under General Statutes, c. 148.

The rights and liabilities of farmers in *surface water* are very different in this State from those in flowing or running streams. By "surface water" is meant not only that which comes from falling rains and melting snows, but also that which oozes out of the ground from springs or marshy places, and which finds its way off over the surface, or through the tussocks, but is not gathered into a bed or current like a brook or rivulet. When once collected into a stream, with a bed and banks, it loses its character as surface water and becomes subject to different rules. But so long as it is only surface water, any man on whose land it is has a right to detain and use the whole of it, on his own land and for his own purposes, and is not bound to let any portion of it flow on to the land below, unless he wishes. On the other hand he may use it on the outside of the premises below him, whether grass land or cult vated field, even though it be a serious injury to such neighbor. (120 Mass. 99). If the latter wishes to protect himself he must build up some embankment at the edge of his land, and stop the flow, as he has a perfect right to do, although he thereby makes quite a pond above, and injures the crop there. And as the farmer may turn the surface water from his own land into yours, without being liable, so a highway surveyor may conduct the road wash on you, even though it sweeps sand and gravel into your best mowing. If he turns a *water-course* on to you in that way, you may appeal to the selectmen, under General Statutes, chap. 44, sec. 10, to have it changed, but surface water you must take or dam it up; that you can do, but you ought not to blame the surveyor for turning it on to you.

As to *underground* water, the law does not recognize any right of ownership therein, and consequently if your neighbor's well is fed by springs or underground rills under your land, you may dig down to any depth you please, and near to the line, and if by chance you cut off the supplies to his well and leave it dry, he must bear it as well as he can (18 Pick. 117.) But you must be careful in digging not to let his land cave into your excavations, or you may be responsible therefor.

Trespassing on the Farm.

The general rules in regard to trespassing on another's lands are pretty well understood, in the community, but on one point there is sometimes an erroneous impression. It is often thought that if a person simply crosses your land for twenty years he thereby always acquires a right to continue the practice, but this, far from being universally true, the very foundation of the doctrine of such a right—prescriptive right, as it is called—is that the crossing must have been adversely to the land owner, contrary to his wishes, or at least without his permission, express or implied, and under a claim of a legal right so to do, whether the farmer is willing or not. If therefore the person crossing does so with the permission, or by the mere indulgence of the land owner, and not under any claim of right, it is wholly immaterial how long the custom has continued. Forty years' travel by consent of the owner would not give any right to continue to pass after he had been forbidden to do so. And to avoid any misapprehension in such cases, it is proper for the farmer to put up notices forbidding trespass, as often see done. And this not only makes it clear that thenceforward the intruder is a trespasser, but by a recent law in this State he is also made liable to a fin. of $20 for willfully crossing or entering upon any garden, orchard, mowing land or other improved land, between the first day of April and the first day of December. (St. 1870, c. 181.)

By this law the willful trespassing on such lands during the summer and fall months is made a crime, and any constable or other officer may arrest the offender on the spot and take him before some proper tribunal for trial and sentence. But to all trespassers, at any time of the year, or by any other kinds of lands, such a trespass is only a civil trespass, not a crime, and the only legal remedy is by an action for damages done, which may be very unsatisfactory.

If, however, a man's object in coming into your premises is to steal your fruit, cranberries, or other crops, that itself is a crime, although he does not accomplish his purpose, and you may put him out by force, after notice to leave, using no unnecessary violence. But you cannot lawfully set up spring guns, man traps, or other instruments which may do him grievous bodily harm, without giving notice of such hidden dangers. (4 Bing, 628; 37 Iowa, 613.) the old school books in my early days had a picture of boys stealing fruit in the boughs of an appletree, with a farmer picking up stones, and a maxim that if words and grass did not answer he might throw stones, but if you should happen to put out the boy's eye it might go hard with you, for you have not a right to kill even your neighbor's hens while scratching up your melons and cucumbers. The custom to do so, and toss the fowls over the fence, may afford some satisfaction to the gardener, but it may make him liable to pay the full value of the nuisances, although he had repeatedly warned their owner to keep them at home, or take the consequences. (14 Conn., 1; 107 Mass., 406.) Whether this rule applies to an old cat which is after one's chickens I don't know, but I mean to try it the first chance I have.

One of the most annoying forms of trespass to the farmer is that of hunting and fishing. Many persons seem to suppose that, by force of some general custom or otherwise, they have a right to hunt or fish over another's ground as their please, but this is quite erroneous (4 Pick. 145). In all ordinary streams and ponds the right to fish belongs solely to the person owning the adjoining land. If the stream is navigable, that is, if the tide ebbs and flows, the public have a right to boat up and down it, and to fish from their boats, but not to go on shore to do it. And by a very early law in Massachusetts, if a farm contains a "great pond"—i. e., a pond containing over ten acres—the public have a right of fishing and fowling there, "but may pass and repass on foot through any man's property for that end, so they trespass not on any man's corn or meadow."

The recent laws authorizing Fish Commissioners to lease large ponds to private parties may of course modify the former rights of the public therein.

As to salt water fishing the law is somewhat peculiar, for although the owner of the upland ordinarily owns the land down to low water mark, as before stated, yet any other person may go there and dig clams or other shell fish, if he can do so by water, and without crossing the upland in going or returning. (8 Cush., 347, 7 Gray 440.) The Legislature may sometimes abridge or modify this right, but the ordinary rule is as above stated.

Finally.

The question often arises who owns the fruit of a tree standing near the boundary line between two proprietors. It is generally supposed that the fruit on the limbs overhanging one's land belongs to him, *but this is an error*. The fruit of a tree stands wholly on your land, although some of the roots extend into the soil of your neighbor, and derives support and nourishment from his soil, he has no right to any of the fruit which hangs over the line (11 Conn., 177; 38 Vt. 105 25 N. Y. 125). And if he attempts by force to prevent you from picking it he is liable for an assault and battery (46 Barb. 337; 48 N. Y. 201).

In one instance a lady, while standing on the fence picking cherries which hung over the line, was forbidden to do so by the adjoining owner, who was at work in his garden, and in the scuffle to prevent her, she received some bruises on her arm, for which he had the pleasure of paying the neat little sum of $1000! If your fruit falls into your neighbor's lot you have an implicit license in law to go and pick it up, doing him no unavoidable damage. (113 Mass. 376, 12 Vt. 273).

If, however, a fruit tree stands directly in the division line, and is what is called a "line tree," both parties own the tree and fruit in common, and neither can cut down the tree or seriously injure it without being responsible to the other. (12 N. H. 454; 34 Barb. 547; 25 N. Y. 123.

Sometimes persons are tempted to poison or secretly kill a neighbor's tree of some kind which stands near the fence and casts a baneful shade on their garden plot, but this is dangerous business, and the party doing so may possibly find himself inside the county jail, where the rooms are apt to be small and not always very clean! The safer way in such cases is to cut off the limbs which hang over your side, which undoubtedly you have a legal right to do; but it would not be safe to use the limbs for firewood or otherwise convert them to your own use, lest you have to pay their value, more or less. I have thus imperfectly touched upon some of the leading rights and liabilities of farmers, and if, in the brief time allotted me, I have been able to impart any valuable information, or save you from the many entanglements of the law, or even to interest you, but for the passing hour, my purpose has been accomplished.

At the close of his address Judge Bennett answered several inquiries from different ones in the audience. The lecture commanded the close attention of its hearers, and at its close was heartily applauded.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Fair of 1881 at Worcester, Mass.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society, } No. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass., July 26, 1881.

To the Farmers, Breeders, Mechanics, Artisans and Manufacturers of New England.

The New England Agricultural Society will hold its Eighteenth Annual Exhibition in the city of Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1881.

To this grand Exhibition you are urgently invited to contribute the best products of the farm and the best specimens of your skill and handiwork.

It is expected that this Agricultural and Mechanical Exhibition will be largely attended by visitors from all parts of the country, and as a means of advertisement second to none of the great and successful Fairs of the New England Agricultural Society. The city of Worcester is centrally located for all New England, and its facilities for approach by railroad are unsurpassed as a business centre for all New England localities.

Premium lists and posters will be forwarded to all persons making application for the same. Address Daniel Needham, Secretary, Boston, Mass., or Geo. H. Estabrook, Local Secretary, Worcester, Mass.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary.

Advices from Tunis say that the Bey's troops have deserted him *en masse*.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the compulsory education bill.

The National Conference of Charities has been in session in the city during the current week.

Additional details are given concerning the shipment of explosive materials to England on Boston steamers.

The lectures read at Concord before the School of philosophy are read by the public with an increasing interest.

The British House of Commons has endorsed the Government's policy in the Transvaal, by a vote of 314 to 205.

King Kalakaua has been gazetted an honorary member of the Order of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

Bimetallism is viewed with considerable favor in Germany, chiefly because the currency is in an unsatisfactory condition.

The various republican associations for Italy are about to organize a legal agitation throughout Italy for the repeal of the law of Papal guarantees.

What is practically a vote of confidence in the French ministry on the question of hastening the elections, was adopted in the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday last.

The United States Minister at China has informed Secretary Blaine of the ratification of the two treaties between the United States and China, which were exchanged at Pekin on the 19th of July.

A meeting of the bar of the United States Circuit Court was held in this city on Tuesday, to take action on the recent death of Judge Nathan Clifford of Maine, and appropriate committees were appointed.

No crime has recently been brought to the public knowledge that is more startling than the one of sending several infernal machines from this country to Liverpool, concealed in a portion of the cargo of passenger steamships.

In regard to the coming comet, when it is nearest the sun it will also be nearest the earth, and fortunately the moon will at that time be absent. The same conditions attended the extreme brilliancy of Donati's comet in 1858.

New Hampshire, as well as portions of the States of Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts were visited by most violent thunderstorms during the first two days of the week, fortunately with little fatality to human life. On Monday, a destructive tornado visited Troy, N. Y., and the country round about.

There is a visible increase of interest in the cremation of dead bodies, in Europe. A large meeting was recently held on the subject at Bologna, at which many physicians were reported to be present, and to have taken an active interest in furthering the proposition.

As the New York World well observes,—"If the cause of Ireland is to be promoted by the practices of Thugs, and the liberators of Ireland are to be a worse and more reckless set of Nihilists, the civilized world will be compelled in self-defence to turn upon the liberators of Ireland as enemies of the human race. Fortunately this is by no means the case; but it is none the less imperative that a few scoundrels and maniacs should not be permitted longer to disgrace the cause of the Irish people."

THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.

It is proper to state plainly that at best the President is in a very precarious condition. He certainly is not so well as he was last week, owing to the relapse of Saturday and the surgical operations since performed on him. He continues to maintain, however, the same equable frame of mind, and exhibits remarkable patience and fortitude in his sufferings. The attending surgeons are likewise skillful, and may be relied on to do all that can be done by advanced science and the most watchful care. But it is to be borne in mind that the wound caused by the bullet has not yet been probed, nor has the bullet itself been searched for; and for this reason the whole case is just as much in doubt as ever. All that has so far become positively known is that the eleventh rib has been partially shattered by the ball, while the rest of it has been bent out of place.

From the wound itself, into which an artificial incision has been made, have exuded splinters of bone from the shattered rib and fibres of clothing along with the pus that is drained from it. The incision made by the surgeons was a successful operation, but it was a grave affair, although it afforded speedy relief. Other operations of a yet graver nature are spoken of. So that, while we incline to hope for the best on every possible ground, we cannot conceal the important fact that it is as yet a wound of unascertained severity with which the patient has to contend, that he must of necessity be greatly reduced by the surgical operations he has already undergone, that the present season is very much against him, and that Washington is a badly unfavorable place for him in his present condition. While continuing to hope, we cannot but feel that the clouds are yet heavy in the sky of the nation.

At the time of going to press, the President was more comfortable than at any time since Saturday last. He was able to take more nourishment, and with less irritation, than during the five days previous.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR FOR 1881.

The invitation of the New England Agricultural Society, to the industrial representatives of the New England States, published in our issue of to-day, may well command the attention of all the readers of the *Ploughman*.

Again is the call made to the farmers of New England to bring the choicest and best of the products of their farms for competition and exhibition.

Again is the call made to the breeders of New England, to select from their studs of horses and herds and flocks of animals, and bring to the fair the best specimens adapted to the wants and necessities of man.

Again is the call made to mechanic; to manufacturer, to artisan and designer; to every toiler and worker in the varied industries of life, to bring the best of his handiwork and skill, that competition may be stimulated, that labor may be lightened, that humanity may be elevated.

Who will heed the call? Let no one turn a deaf ear or think for a moment that he has no contribution to make. No one can be spared from this vast undertaking to bring together for exhibition and study the works of man in all departments of manly labor.

The call is for all. No one can be spared in the making up of the vast collection. Nothing is unimportant. Indifference should find no place in the minds or hearts of thousands of readers, whose eyes fall upon this invitation to help forward the great work of human development.

Information will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary, and a call at the Headquarters of the Society, No. 45 Milk St., Boston, will be welcomed by the officers in attendance and give a fresh impetus to the great work in hand.

CROPS AND BUSINESS.

It is always a hard matter to get at the precise truth, where parties of entirely opposite interests are active in asserting things to be as they wish they were and as they wish to make them. About the condition of the crops in this country there is altogether too much said to be relied on implicitly at this early day. Those who are the loudest in their asseverations are interested in holding up or putting down the price of railroad shares. They argue for and against the large amount of traffic which the roads have had for the last two years. One of the most seasoned of the New York brokers, having had a half century's experience in the market, remarks that the alarmists base their theories of disaster on reported failures of Western harvests, and abundant crops in Europe. But there is a material difference, he says, in the crop reports from the West.

The reports from the speculators at Chicago and their agents, who have cornered wheat, corn, oats, provisions and pork, represent simply their own interests. The reports from disinterested travellers, Western residents and correspondents in the interior represent the facts. The first prophesy, a total failure of all crops, even the hogs; the latter, while admitting that the yield of cereals will fall below the unprecedented yield of last year, still prove that there will be great crops,—more than sufficient for all home wants, in fact, a handsome surplus for export. In relation to Europe, the continent has a good harvest in prospect, and will probably not need as much from the United States as last season; but the weather there and in Great Britain has been exceedingly hot, ripening grain prematurely, and both may yet need much larger supplies from us than at present estimated. But we have a crop of seven million bales of cotton in prospect, of which we shall export five millions at forty dollars per bale, equivalent to $200,000,000. This will give of itself an immense traffic to the railroad lines. Then there is the great fact of an unprecedented immigration to be kept in mind, which means more money and more labor, and consequently a much larger share of general prosperity for agriculture and business.

DEMAND FOR LABOR.

Reckoning the volume of arriving emigrants in with the rest, it is a fact that the supply of labor in this country at the present time is not equal to the demand. Unskilled labor is of course referred to. Crude labor, that is, the raw material, is in quick demand. Able-bodied and temperate emigrants can have work at good prices within twenty-four hours after landing. We hear of railroad contractors from St. Louis being in this market, offering a dollar and a half a day to common laborers and two dollars to foremen, who are competent to take charge of them. They also offer to pay their fares out to St. Louis in advance, on being satisfied that the men are of sufficient character to stay long enough to work out the advance.

The Massachusetts Central Railroad offers the same wages right on the ground and finds it not an easy matter to supply itself at that. The Central is employing at present a large number of Italian laborers, who have the virtue of temperance on their side and are able to live on twenty-five cents a day, thus laying up seven dollars and a half per week. They are superior laborers in every respect. On our steamship docks emigrants arrive daily, and oftentimes are found in places on the same day with their arrival. Laborers would do well to note the significant fact that Italians are readily taken because of their native faculty to resist the seductions of whiskey. In other fields, temperance may be depended on to take the place of talent, so much more is it in request. The present condition of the labor market is a happy proof of the general condition of the country. When every one can find enough to do, there is no need of croaking about evil times and the perils of overdoing anything.

Mammoth Asparagus.—Mr. C. M. Hovey exhibited on Saturday, July 23d, at the Mass. Horticultural Society, two stalks of asparagus, each measuring 12 feet high and 2¾ inches in circumference at the base. It is believed to be the tallest and largest ever exhibited. It was cut from a root on which are now growing 16 similar stalks, and it has never had any manure.

Vermont State Fair.—The Vermont State Agricultural Society will hold its Thirty-first annual Fair at Prospect Park, Montpelier, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, of September next. A thorough revision of the premium list, which foots up $4,000, has already been made. The grounds are favorably located, the buildings are convenient and ample, and the tracks are in excellent condition. Those who propose to attend the Fair will be allowed the use of the railroads of the State at excursion rates, and stock and articles for exhibition will be transported on the same terms. Secretary-of-War Lincoln is expected to be present to deliver the annual address. Premium lists and all other required information may be obtained of Henry Clark, Secretary of Vermont Agricultural Society, Rutland, Vt.

READ AND RUN.

—Mr. Thomas Lothrop, who died recently at Provincetown at the age of eighty-one, made the first cranberry bog in Provincetown, having to encounter no small amount of ridicule in the attempt.

—By far the largest proportion of government bonds held at home are owned in the Middle States, and the largest number of bondholders also.

—It seems that the expensiveness of ironclads is beginning to be realised in England. The cost of repairs is almost equal to that of the original construction.

—Dog-days came in this week, and took hold in dead earnest.

—The umbrella and rubber goods trade has been a brisk one this summer, up to the dog-days.

—The membership of the Newport "Town and Country Club" is limited to fifty. Each member has the right to invite two persons to the meeting.

—The wife of Edwin Booth is improving in health, and is slowly regaining strength.

—We might as well pause and think about it first as well as last; the sober fact is that we are as a rule, too much overworked. Modern business grinds the very lives out of us.

—New York has at last provided herself with two United States Senators.

—A diploma issued by the Medical School of Yale College in 1876 has been advertised for sale in the New York Herald.

—Dr. Jones remarked at Concord, in his lectures on the "Immortality of the Soul," that "when we are enslaved by earth-desires we are mortal; when we are actuated by the highest in us and follow that highest, we are immortal."

—Mr. Chafee, the trustee of the Sprague estate, has decided that the mills and print works must stop as soon as the stock in hand is run out. The various parcels of property will at once be advertised for sale.

—Prof. Bell has located the bullets in two soldiers who have carried them ever since the war. He did it with his electrical machine.

—An alarming change occurred in the President's condition on Saturday morning, occasioned by the formation of a pus cavity in the track of the wound. The suppression of pus brought on chills and fever. A new channel was subsequently made for the discharge of the pus by Dr. Agnew of Philadelphia, by an incision below the original wound. The patient experienced great relief at once.

—Another heavy attachment has been placed on the Sprague estate in Rhode Island.

—The New York legislature finally adjourned last Saturday.

—The rumor of trouble being likely to occur between American and New Foundland fishermen, on account of the payment of £15,000 by the British government, is said to be wholly without foundation. The New Foundland people are reported to be entirely indifferent in the matter.

—Rochester, N. Y., has had six fatal cases of toy pistol.

—Eggs have been arriving in New York of late in such poor condition that that market is completely demoralized. In many instances, chicks have been hatched in transit.

—It would be much pleasanter reading if those whose part it is to make up newspapers didn't think that accidents, suicides, and murders were not all that constitutes life and its interests.

—The contributions by our citizens and their families to defray the cost of rides for invalids and of children's excursions, show a prevailing sympathy one for another that is one of the most gratifying signs of the times we live in.

—Mr. John Wales, formerly a Boston merchant, has become the general manager of the Cooperative Dress Association of New York, of which Miss Kate Field is President.

—The beaches and seaside summer resorts are now in their glory, and doing a great business everywhere.

—The prevailing low rates of passenger travel on the through lines of railroad are crowding the trains with travellers, and it is stated that three times as much travel as usual now goes to and from the West.

—Mr. Vanderbilt's purpose obviously is to control a through line of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

—The steamer Tallapoosa is being fitted for the convenience of the President and family, and the time fixed for his sea trip is August 15th. He will go to Fortress Monroe, and thence onward to Long Branch.

—Mr. Corcoran, the banker, has purchased the Dinwiddie and Washington papers that were sold in London this month, and has presented them to the Virginia Historical Society.

—An earthquake occurred last week in Switzerland and eastern France, and the shock was so great in Geneva that the church-bells were rung.

—It was a terrific thunder, lightning, rain, and hail visitation that was experienced in this locality on Thursday of last week.

—Another Chinaman was buried from Mt. Vernon street church in this city on Sunday.

—The new comet is reported to be rapidly improving all repeated telescopic interviews, and promises to be fully as interesting as its immediate predecessor.

—The railroad commissioners have been investigating the recent collisions of two trains at Zoar.

—Stealing the new Directories has become one of the recent exploits of thieves hereabouts.

—An effort is making to prepare the old Cradock mansion in Medford, which was erected in 1634.

—Strenuous opposition to the Irish land bill of Mr. Gladstone is expected in the House of Lords.

—The latest intelligence from Labrador gives cheering accounts of the fishery there. The outlook is reported to be the best for twenty years.

—It is already proven that the electric light is a most effective public agent.

—The London Standard remarks that, in England, every incident of President Garfield's illness is watched with keen but mournful interest.

—The probable successor of Judge Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, is being pretty freely discussed in some of the papers.

—The very smoking-cars on the Boston and Albany railroad are provided with a clear and pleasant atmosphere, by the new ventilating process recently tested.

—The Police Commissioners are to ask for an increase of the force, in their annual report.

—An old negro maxim is, that "many a nice corn silk winds up wid a nubbin in de fall."

—Over a hundred Boston newsboys passed an enjoyable holiday at Highland Lake, on Friday of last week.

—There is a dispute about the possibility of locating the remains of William Penn. He was buried in a leaden coffin.

—The recent term of hot weather in the West completely demoralized the foreign fruit market, and the price of lemons at Chicago went up astonishingly.

—The widow of Rev. Dr. Chapin tell dead at her summer residence at Pigeon Cove, on Friday evening of last week.

—The Soldiers' Home Bazaar promises to be one of the greatest fairs yet held in Boston.

—A general ticket office up near the business centre of the city is called for in connection with harbor excursions, to save time and prevent crowds.

—It is asserted that between one and two hundred Massachusetts soldiers are in the poorhouses of the State to-day.

—Down at Manhattan Beach, at the Manhattan Hotel, twenty barrels of flour are often baked up in a single day. So vigorously does the work of smashing crockery go on that, between the dishwashers and the waiters, it costs $25,000 a year to keep the two hotels there in china alone.

—Mr. Gladstone's letter to the President is a sincere and admirable production, from one ruler to another.

—The new Postal Telegraph Company completed its organization on Saturday last, under the law of New York, on a capital of $21,000,000.

—The subventions to be paid to railroads this year by the government of Mexico, aggregate over forty and one-half-millions of dollars.

—A much larger business was done for the last year through the Suez Canal than for the year previous.

—A general election for members of the French Chamber of Deputies will probably take place on the 21st of August.

—A medical congress is to be held in London on the 6th of August, and something like a thousand medical men are already assembled there.

"A HUNDRED PER CENT. BETTER."—A patient in Michigan who reports a gain of thirteen and three-quarter pounds in two weeks, says: "I cough about once where I did ten times before, and *do not raise one quarter the mucus from my lungs that I did*. My pulse has gone down from 120 to 85. My digestion is very much improved, and the stomach retains the food. In short, *I am one hundred per cent. better than I was three weeks ago*, and I give all the praise and credit to the use of Compound Oxygen. The expressions of my friends are, 'Wonderful!' 'Astonishing!' 'Almost miraculous!'" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LIVER.

The Unusual Attention which this Organ is now Attracting from the American People.

Its Delicate Structure and Susceptibility to Injury from Wounds or Disease.

In the opinion of the ancients the liver was the seat of the affections and of the passions. Modern research, however, has shown this to be an error, and hence less attention and care have been bestowed on this organ than in the early days when it was supposed to play so important a part in making war and cajoling love. Undoubtedly the discovery of the fact that the liver is not the seat of the affections, and of the passions, has led the people, as is natural, to neglect what formerly was an object of great solicitude, but the truth still remains that though it may not be the special seat of love and passion, it is after all of the greatest importance in physical health.

During the past few weeks, owing to an event of national interest, much has been said and written about the injurious effects of wounds in this organ, and according to the Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion, of the thousands of cases of wounds in the liver, not above sixty survived, and they were not violent ones. The record is filled with recoveries from gunshot wounds in the head, the lungs and the pelvic region, but it is a "miracle" when one outlives even an ordinary wound in the liver. No other proof is needed of the delicacy of its structure, nor of its extreme susceptibility to injuries, whether violent, like a gunshot wound, or as the result of disease. Of course injury from a wound produces speedy results, and though organic diseases may affect the patient for years, and render his life a long continued burden, the same end is eventually reached.

The structure of the liver is delicate and yet simple. It is composed of two lobes, which lie directly under the right lung, and is of a spongy character. When the venous blood is circulating from the various parts of the body to the lungs, it passes through this organ, and is there relieved of its rank poisons, part of which are used for digestion and part for a cathartic of the waste materials of the food we eat. If the organ is at all diseased *these poisons remain in it*, instead of being used as nature designed, and with every coursing of the blood through the lobes of the liver, the nature of the disease is intensified, and hence a neglect of any disorder in this organ is almost certain to bring on chronic liver disease, so terrible to contemplate. In curing liver troubles, not only must the organ be rid of its old complaint, but, at the same time, it must be prevented from contracting other diseases, and the agency used must have such power with the kidneys and lungs (the other two purifiers of the blood) that it will, while restoring the impaired liver, give to them strength sufficient to do part of the purifying work of the disabled organ. There is a peculiar dependency between the kidneys and liver, and no remedy can be of benefit which does not act upon both at the same time. The reason why so little success has hitherto been reached in the treatment of liver disease is because the philosophy of treatment has been lame and the remedies employed have been inadequate. It is a conceded fact that until within the past few years there has been no known remedy for chronic kidney diseases, and it is certain that the liver cannot be restored to its right action if the kidneys are affected. It is a fact that when the liver is diseased the kidneys are also troubled; hence, it follows that liver diseases are hard to cure chiefly because the doctors know of no agency which will at one and the same time operate on both the kidneys and the liver.

Admitting then, that no form of treatment can be effective which does not seek to reach both the liver and the kidneys at the same time, it would be strange, indeed, if in all the researches of this wonderful age of scientific invention no such remedy had been found. The doctors admit they have nothing to offer, but independent scientists have honored their learning and patience, by discovering a pure vegetable remedy whose success in the past few years in the treatment of kidney difficulties, shows conclusively that it is the first known remedy for kidney disease, and what it has done for the kidneys it is equally able to do and does do for the liver. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was the discovery of a practitioner, who proved its worth in his own case and then gave it to the world. It acts both as a food and a restorer on the kidneys and liver so that when disease is cured in one of these organs it reacts on the other, but is entirely removed from the system.

The symptoms of kidney and liver difficulties are great and unnatural weariness, headache, belching of wind and food from the stomach, constipation, piles, displacements and inflammation of the sexual organs of women, a sallow countenance, skin eruptions, and the especially fatal complaints of the best season. These troubles are caused principally by malaria, which is, at the present time, becoming so great an evil in this land,—so much so that President Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College, has just published a long and interesting article on its wide-spreading prevalence. He states that malarial poisons appear in all localities, but the red lands of clay and damp, in the crowded city and the roomy country, and there are no differences as to the effects produced. Malaria is in the water we drink, in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, and while constantly and naturally increasing with the growth of the country, it is just at present afflicting us, as the epizooty did a few years ago, as a national danger—a pestilence epidemic. Prof. Chadbourne is not an alarmist and what he says is confirmed by other distinguished medical authorities.

What, therefore, can be the cause for this terrible increase of malaria in all parts of the States and Territories? Unquestionably the drinking water used in every portion of the land is the most active agency for carrying malaria into the system. This water may be clear, but it has become poisoned by filtration through the vaults, cesspools and barnyards in the country, and other impure agencies in the city. Heretofore the Western States and Territories and almost the entire South have been considered the field of malaria, owing doubtless to the poor drainage in many localities and the consequent accumulation of green poisonous matter. This theory is, however, now exploded because malarial poisoning is becoming just as common in other regions, and those which have been settled for hundreds of years. Nor are low lands alone subject to malaria, for it is found in the Berkshire Hills of New England and up among the snows of the Rocky Mountains.

Whatever may be the cause of malaria, its existence is a terribly established fact, and so much so that it is attracting the attention of the leading physicians, scientists and scholars in every portion of America. By means of its blighting powers the blood becomes poisoned and the most terrible diseases follow. The special field for the operation of this poison is in the liver. If this organ is at all diseased, malaria seizes it with a death grip. It is therefore absolutely necessary to keep the liver in perfect condition and especially at this time. The elements of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure are exactly fitted for just this very purpose. Composed of a pure and simple vegetable extract and prepared in the most careful manner it has been the means of restoring more people to health within the past year than any other agency known in the land. Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph.D., LL. D., one of the analysts of foods and medicines for the New York State Board of Health, pronounces its elements and composition purely vegetable, neither poisonous nor injurious, and the manufacturers present it to the public with the utmost faith that if taken faithfully and persistently, according to the directions, it will cure every form of liver disease and kidney disorder.

There seems to be a constant struggle between mankind and disease. Malarial poison, with its insidious power, the influences of heat, cold, bad water and impure food all combine to undermine the health and strength, both of which are the privilege of the race. In order to counteract these terrible influences, the greatest care is required, especially at the present time in guarding the kidneys and liver, which are the governors of the system. How this can best be done has been outlined above, and as such it is cordially recommended to all as the most efficient means for securing the best of health and continued happiness.

Plundering Libraries.—On this matter the London Standard reminds us that a large business is habitually carried on. It says that picture galleries have not suffered more in this respect. Invading armies have frequently marched off with wagon-loads of books. Up to the close of the last century, books, and indeed everything else, have been looked upon as lawful prize of war. Mark Anthony seized a library and presented it to one who knew how to appreciate it. In St. Petersburg are two valuable collections of books, accepted by Catherine II as part of the spoils of Warsaw. She likewise purchased the libraries of Diderot and Voltaire, making the former in return the custodian of his own books. An examination of Voltaire's library, made with care by Count Joseph de Maistre, Minister to the Russian Court from Sardinia, revealed the fact that Voltaire was indifferent about the choice of his books, mixing the good and bad indiscriminately together. Libraries are often coveted by those who have the power to take them without any inclination to make use of them.

SMALL LAND-HOLDERS STEADILY MULTIPLY IN FRANCE, whose land was divided between 11,511,841 possessors in 1842, 13,118,722 in 1858, and 14,254,388 in 1880. This makes over a third of the population land-holders, against one-thirty-fifth, 1,104,987 owners in a population of 35,246,000 in Great Britain. The proportion in Ireland is still less. The increase of small landowners in France appears to be diminishing year by year, the relative increase from 1858 to 1880 having been much less than from 1842 to 1858. Nor is this due to a loss of territory in the war of 1871. The territory added by the annexation of Nice and Savoy was within a seventh as large as the territory lost by the cession of Alsace and Lorraine.

TRUTH AND HONOR.

Query:—What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and billiousness, aid digestion and tone up the whole system? Truth and honor compels us to answer, Hop Bitters; being pure, perfect and harmless. See another column.—*Toledo Blade.*

The remedy that will cure the many diseases peculiar to women is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.—*Mother's Magazine.*

"Another sole made happy," as the man said when he bought German Corn Remover. 25 cents. Druggists.

THE BEAUTY AND COLOR of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, which is much admired for its perfume, cleanliness and dandruff eradicating properties. jy 2-4t

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

Canvassers make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. aug21 52

CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* le12-13t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 25th, by Rev. D. W. Waldron, Albert D. Gott to Lucy F. Chipman.

In this city, July 21st, by Rev. Alexander Ellis, Robert W. Benders to Helen Williams, both of this city.

In this city, July 25th, by Rev. Louis B. Schwarz, Thomas Byrne to Maria Emma Ishues, both of Brighton.

In Reading, July 26th, by Rev. L. J. White, Henry M. Hewes to Alice B. Temple, both of Reading.

In Weymouth, July 21st, by Rev. E. G. Babcock, William R. Smith to Katie E. Shepherd, both of South Scituate.

In Oxford, Mass., July 21st, by Rev. P. C. Sloper, Herbert A. Jackson of Gardner, Mass., to Miss Nellie M. Stone of Oxford.

In East Boston, July 21st, by Rev. C. S. Perkins, John Nason of East Boston to Abbie M. Barton of Poland, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 21st, Mrs. Mary Loring, 83 years.

In this city, July 25th, Mrs. Mary Storer, wife of Hon. Wells Fuller, Esq., and daughter of the late Nathaniel Goddard, Esq.

In Hull, July 24th, Daniel Muir, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, 84 years.

In Concord, Mass., July 24th, Lucy W., widow of the late Reuben Heywood, 76 years 5 months.

In Burlington, Mass., George W. Cutter, 70 yrs.

In Oakdale, July 24th, William Miles, 69 years 5 months 14 days.

NEWS SUMMARY.

There was a $30,000 fire at Halifax, Pa., Sunday night.

George, the 10-years-old son of George H. Spring, was drowned at Valley Falls, R. I., Sunday.

Miss Catherine Behler of Brooklyn, N. Y., burned herself to death Monday by lighting a fire with kerosene.

A thunder storm in Western Ontario, Canada, Monday, did a good deal of damage.

A lady living in Abington was seriously, perhaps fatally, shot by her daughter Monday while handling a revolver.

Charles H. Rowe's farm buildings and contents were burned at Belmont Sunday; loss $4500, insurance $3000.

There is a severe drouth in Orange county, N. J., and the inhabitants are paying $2 per wagon load for water.

Mrs. Howard found a rattlesnake in bed with her at Burlington, Ia., the other night. The snake was killed before it bit her.

Willie Henry of Brighton, was drowned while bathing at Whitehall Pond, Hopkinton, Mass., about noon Saturday.

Hon. Nathan Clifford, the senior Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Cornish, Me., at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

John Nichols and Mr. Anderson of Elizabethtown, N. Y., were killed Monday by lightning under a tree in a meadow, where they had gone for shelter.

Maud Lovejoy, the nine-years-old daughter of Capt. John G. Lovejoy, died of hydrophobia at Manchester, N. H., Saturday night. She was bitten several weeks ago.

The Arctic steamship Alliance on her search for the Jeannette arrived Monday at Hammerfest, Norway, the northernmost town of Europe. All are well.

Robert M. Arey, a notorious counterfeiter, has been arrested by government detectives at Cincinnati for making and passing counterfeit dimes and twenty-five-cent silver coins.

A man, whose name is unknown, was drowned on Sunday, at Hull. He fell from the pier, from which he was fishing, probably because he was asleep. His body has been recovered.

The valuation of Yarmouth is $1,398,544, an increase of $69,827; tax rate, $9.50, a decrease of $1. The rate of taxation in Falmouth for 1881 is $6.50 per $1000, which is $1.00 reduction from last year.

E. R. Bates, aged 50 years, of Blackstone, Mass., was killed on the New York and New England Railroad near Natick Saturday.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that it is years since the fruit market there has been as poorly stocked as at present. The same report is heard elsewhere.

Three boys were walking over a bridge during a recent thunder storm near Port Washington, Wis., when two were killed by lightning while the third, who was between them, was unhurt.

A four-year old child of M. Culiany of Sutton was kicked in the forehead by a horse last Tuesday noon, fracturing the skull. Dr. Webster is attending the case and has great hopes that the child will live.

A lad who discovered a dangerous landslide on the track near Weymouth, and ran and warned the station-master, has been rewarded by the Old Colony Company by a gift of a life ticket over all the lines of the company.

The valuation of Worcester is as follows: Real estate, $32,064,000, a gain of $862,900 since 1880; personal, $10,513,039, a gain of $721,509; total, $42,577,039. The number of polls is 16,020, an increase of 526. The rate of taxation is $16 80.

The total value of provisions, tallow and dairy products exported from Portland for the six months ending June 30, 1881, was $929,579, against $847,416 for 1880, and for the eight months ending June 30, 1881, was $1,128,336, against $988,256 for 1880.

A farmer named Wilson, living on the line of the Kingston (Ont.) and Pembroke railway, passing through the bush unarmed, was attacked by a bear last Monday, torn to pieces and almost eaten before assistance reached him.

Oscar Swanson of Marlboro', was seriously injured on the head and face on Saturday by the locomotive of the Boston and Albany passenger train which left Boston at 4.30 Saturday afternoon, as it was preparing to stop at the South Framingham station.

Baggage-master Hurley, probably at the risk of sacrificing his own life, saved that of a lady who attempted Monday to cross the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad at Malden, just before a rapidly moving train.

Mary Gorman, aged 22, committed suicide at Huntington, Vt., Sunday, by taking Paris green. The young man to whom she was engaged called where she was employed and did not inquire for her. The family joked with her about it, and she went to her room and took the poison.

A tramp attempted to forcibly enter the toll-house kept by Mrs. Mollie Hurt, a widow, near Greenwood, Ind., Saturday night. Mrs. Burt gave the burglar all her money, $8, through the window, but he broke out the door and persisted in his attempt to enter, and a shot him dead.

Two negroes in jail, at Paducah, Ky., for larceny, and occupying the same cell, quarrelled Sunday, and Levi Bolden killed John Stewart, his companion, with an iron bunk with which he beat out his brains. Bolden then attempted to kill the officers who sought to secure him, but the two jailors fired and shot him dead.

Rev. Mr. Redlon of Hallowell, Me., and his wife were suddenly stricken down on Wednesday night with what seemed a severe attack of chills and cholera morbus, but which since it is thought was a case of poisoning by Paris green on potatoes. No other cause is assignable, the symptoms all pointing that way. They both had a narrow escape from death.

A small, greenish, striped worm has attacked the elm trees at West Point and well nigh ruined them. It eats the leaves and then attacks the young and tender branches upon which the new leaves are to form. The worms, which are numbered by the million, have made the stately elms entirely useless for shade and threaten to kill them outright.

P. Duncan & Co.'s store at Camden East, Ont., with the post-office and postmaster's dwelling, were burned Sunday. Seth Duncan, who went back to the burning store for the cash and papers, was burned to death. —Sparks from a locomotive set fire to some buildings in Chippewa, Ont., Sunday, and one-third of the village was burned; loss $20,000.

Ernest Zeigler, living on Decatur avenue, Roxbury, and employed by S. E. Chubbuck & Sons, boiler makers, on Tremont street, while busy in the Boston Cordage Company's Works at City Point, Monday morning, was knocked down and severely injured by the fall of a heavy iron hanger which he was engaged in putting in place. Medical aid was summoned and Zeigler was conveyed to the City Hospital, but died before reaching there.

A fire broke out last Monday night in the annex building of the Boston rubber and shoe factory at Malden, and for a time there were indications of a very serious conflagration, as the wind was blowing fresh. An immense quantity of stock was in danger, and aid was telegraphed for. Soon after 11 o'clock the flames were under control, after a damage of $40,000 to the stock, and $30,000 to the building and machinery, probably fully insured. About half the building was destroyed. The origin is supposed to be spontaneous combustion.

☞ In the year 1710 the weight of fat cattle in the London market averaged only 370 lbs, at the average age of five years. In 1795 this was increased to 462 lbs. In 1830, the weight was 656 lbs, or nearly double that of 1710. We presume that the average weight at one year less age (say four years old) is, at the present moment, fully three times that of 1710; and the beef, owing to the superior quality of the cattle, and the better methods of fattening, fully fifty per cent more nourishing and economical to the consumer.— *N. L. S. Journal.*

☞ The demand for good horses adapted to the varied wants of the country is active, and, from present indications, will remain so for some time. The inquiry is not confined to horses of any particular class, but embraces serviceable business horses, roadsters, carriage horses, saddle horses, draft horses, &c.

BABY SAVED.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength. —The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Express.*

☞ My life was saved by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.—*E. B. Lakeley, Selma, Ala.*

NEARLY ALL THE ILLS THAT AFFLICT MANKIND can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect working order. There is no medicine known that will do this as quickly and as surely, without interfering with your duties as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See advertisement. jy 2-4t

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR FOR 1881.

ORDER OF EXHIBITION.

Superintendents will be engaged in receiving and arranging articles and animals for exhibition on Monday, September 5th. All animals and articles should be, if practicable, in their appropriate place on the grounds, or at the halls, this day, except Butter and Fresh Flowers, which, if entered on the books, can be brought in on Tuesday.

First Day, Tuesday, Sept. 6.

The gates will be open to visitors at 8 o'clock, A. M.

At 10 o'clock, the opening address by Hon. George B. Loring, president of the New England Society, at his headquarters, after which the Committees on the grounds will be called, and books of entries will be delivered. At 11 o'clock, a grand procession around the track of the horses and cattle on exhibition. This will be one of the most interesting sights during the exhibition. At 12 o'clock M., one hour for dinner. At 1 o'clock P. M., the Awarding Committees will commence their examination in all the classes on exhibition on the grounds.

Exhibitors must have their stock in readiness at the time and place mentioned, or it will not be examined. Exhibition in the Halls day and evening.

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 7.

At 9 o'clock, committees at the Rink will be called, and books of entries will be delivered, and the awarding Committees will commence their examinations in all the classes.

At 9 o'clock Trained Steers will be shown on the track in front of the Judges' stand. At 10 o'clock a special display of Implements in Implement Tent.

AFTERNOON.—Trials of speed and amusements.

Third Day, Thursday, Sept. 8.

At 8 o'clock A. M., the ploughing match. Competitors must report promptly.

The reports of the Judges must be handed in to the Secretaries before 9 o'clock Thursday morning.

At 11 o'clock for one hour, the *Track* will be open and free to pleasure riders.

A *Manifold copy* of the awards of premiums will be furnished to the Press daily.

AFTERNOON.—Trials of speed and amusements.

Fourth Day, Friday, Sept. 9.

At 8½ o'clock, A. M., auction sales of fine Stock of all kinds, and such other commodities as may be offered, will take place and continue till 11 o'clock.

At 11½ o'clock, A. M., grand Cavalcade of the Premium Stock, at the close of which, the Superintendents will announce publicly, the hour and order in which animals will be received at the cars.

At 1 o'clock, P. M., Stock can be taken from the grounds.

AFTERNOON.—Trial of speed and amusements will close at the grounds.

The exhibition at the Rink will close at 10½ P. M.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS FOR TROTTING.

First Day, Tuesday, Sept. 6th, 1881.

Grand Bicycle Race, $150 00 in premiums. Particulars hereafter.

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 7th.

No. 3. $250. For 2.38 class, $125, $65, $35, $25.
No. 4. $300. For 2.30 class, $150, $75, $45, $30.

Third Day, Thursday, Sept. 8th.

No. 5. 200. For $2.50 class, $100, $50, $30, $20.
No. 6. $250. For 2.34 class, $125, $65, $35, $25.

Fourth Day, Friday, Sept. 9th.

No. 7. $300. For 2.24 class, free to all, $250, $125, $75, $50.
No. 8. $200. For 3 class, free to all, $100, 50, $30.

CONDITIONS.

All horses must be owned in New England. The above races to be mile heats, best three in five in harness, and conducted under the rules of the National Association for the promotion of the interests of the American Trotting Turf.

In heats where eight or more horses start, the distance will be one hundred and fifty yards (150). If less than eight horses start, the distance will be one hundred yards (100.)

Heats in each day's races will be trotted alternately. Horses distancing the field will receive first money only.

A horse ruled out will not be entitled to a premium. The Horses in each class must be ready at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the day advertised.

Entries will close on Saturday Aug. 27, at 10 P. M.

In all purses there must be four or more entries, and three to start.

Entries must be made in writing, and sealed and accompanied with entrance fee, 10 per cent. of pur e, addressed to G. H. ESTABROOK, 6 Brinley Hall, Worcester, Mass.

Entries mailed on day of closing will be considered eligible.

PYRETHRUM

Cinerariæ Folium,

—THE GREAT—

CALIFORNIA INSECT-DESTROYING PLANT.

This Celebrated Plant has been pronounced unequalled as to its value and efficacy by any other production ever introduced on the American continent. Its growth and general use will eventually destroy all noxious vermin which infest the dwellings and persons of men and the domestic animals, as well as the insects which create such havoc with the products of the soil and of human industry.

Among the eminent tecientists who have given the Pyrethrum exhaustive and thorough examination and trial may be named Prof. C. V. Riley, Chief of the United States Entomological Commission, and Prof. J. Henry Comstock, of the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., Prof. A. J. Cook, Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich., and Prof. E. W. Hilgard, State University, Berkeley, Cal., all of whom unite in declaring it superior and infinitely surer and less than any other insecticide ever offered to the public.

On receipt of $5 we will send a package of seed by mail to any address, with instructions for cultivating the wonderful plant from which our G. N. MILCO'S BUHACH CALIFORNIA INSECT POWDER is made. Each package will furnish plants for one or three acres. All orders for seed must be sent to the

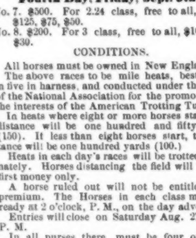
BUHACH PRODUCING AND M'F'G CO.,

134 Levee Street, Stockton, Cal.

jly30-4t J. D. PETERS, Secretary.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured by Dr. J. A. Sherman's treatment, without an operation or the annoyance and injury trusses inflict, and without interfering with labor. Book with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with statements of patients and distinguished professional gentlemen, mailed for ten cents. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. Boston, Branch office will be closed till September. jly2-tf



DR. GROSVENOR'S LIVER-AID

IS NOT A PAD,

But an Internal Remedy for Liver Complaints.

Such as

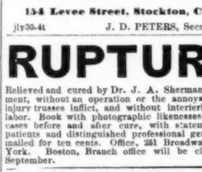
BILIOUSNESS, POOR APPETITE INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, DIZZINESS, PILES, BOILS, JAUNDICE, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH,

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, ERUPTIONS, SCROFULOUS SORES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, IMPURITIES AND SALT RHEUM.

The Liver is the Largest Organ of the Human Body. It is largest because it has the most to do. It is intimately connected with the digestive and nervous systems, consequently, any derangement of the Liver produces Constipation and a hundred evils in its train, and also occasions nervous diseases without number; resulting, if unchecked, in paralysis, insanity or death. Dr. Grosvenor's Liver-Aid is a wonderful medicine for immediate action upon the Liver, and thousands of testimonials have been received as to the benefit it has given.

Liver-Aid has been a blessing to my poor, afflicted mother. She tried many, many things for her sick headaches, but never found any relief until she took the Liver-Aid. It has, indeed, been invaluable to her. She is now using her fourth bottle. I told our druggist how excellent it was, and assured him that he might safely recommend it as the best known remedy for sick headache. He says it is not advertised half enough. I hope you will be become better known. MRS. M. A. SHIVLER,
447 W. 23d St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists at $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. jly2-30t-ow



AGRICULTURAL FAIRS FOR 1881.

New England Agricultural Fair, at Worcester Mass., Sept. 6, 7 & and 9.

STATE FAIRS.

Arkansas, Little Rock, Oct. 17-22.
Illinois, Peoria, Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Iowa, Des Moines, Sept. 5 9.
Indiana, Indianapolis, Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Kentucky, Lexington, Aug. 30-Sept. 3.
Kansas, Topeka, Sept. 12-17.
Minnesota, Rochester, Sept. 5 10.
Mississippi, Aberdeen, Oct. 11-15.
Montana, Helena, Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Maine, Lewiston, Sept. 6 9.
Maryland, Baltimore, Oct. 26 30.
Michigan, Jackson, Sept. 19-24.
New York, Elmira, Sept. 12 17.
New Jersey, Waverly, Sept 19 23.
North Carolina, Raleigh, Oct. 10-15.
Nebraska, Omaha, Sept. 12-17.
Ohio, Columbus, Aug 29-Sept. 2.
Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Sept. 5-17.
South Carolina, Columbia, Nov. 8-11.
Texas, Austin, Oct 18-22.
Virginia, Richmond, Oct. 17 27.
Vermont, Montpelier, Sept. 13-16.
Wisconsin, Fond du Lac, Sept. 26-30.
West Virginia, Wheeling, Oct. 3 7.
Canada Central, Guelph, Oct. 4-6.
Canada Dominion, Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21-30.
Cincinnati Industrial, Cincinnati, Sept. 7-Oct-8.
Connecticut, Meriden, Sept. 20-23.
Delaware, Dover, Sept. 26-Oct. 5.
Georgia, Macon, Oct. 17-22.
Illinois Fat Stock, Chicago, Nov. 7-12.
Massachusetts Horticultural, Boston, Sept. 13-16.
Mississippi Stock Breeders, Meridian, Oct. 31-Nov. 5.
N. J. Cranberry Growers, Haddonfield, Aug. 30.
New York Dairymen, Rome, Sept. 19-23.
Ontario Provincial, London, Sept. 21-30.
Rhode Island, Crandall, Sept. 27 30.
West Virginia Central, Clarksburg, Sept. 6-8.
Quebec Provincial Exhibition, Montreal, Que., Sept. 14-23.
Dominion Exhibition, Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21-30.
Great Central Fair, Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 4 7.

OTHER IMPORTANT FAIRS.

American Institute, New York City, Sept. 17-Nov. 26.
Barlow, Washington county, Sept. 29-30.
Beverly, Washington county, Oct. 5-7.
Chicago Exhibition, Sept. 7-Oct. 22.
Cotton Exhibition, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 5-Dec. 31.
Milwaukee Exhibition, Sept. 6-Oct. 15.
National Fair, Wasington, D. C., Oct. 18-28.
N. E. Indiana, Waterloo, Oct. 3-8.
Northern Indiana, Ft. Wayne, Sept. 26-30.
Northern Kentucky, Florence, Aug. 30-Sept. 3.
Northern Pennsylvania, Sept. 5-Oct. 8.
Pittsburg Exposition, Sept. 5-Oct. 8.
Provincial, London, Ont., Sept. 21-30.
St. Louis Exhibition, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 3-8,
Western Michigan, Grand Rapids, Sept. 27-30.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COUNTY FAIRS FOR 1881.

Essex, at Haverhill, Sept. 27 and 28.
Middlesex, at Concord, Sept. 28, 29, and 30.
Middlesex North, at Lowell, Sept. 27 and 28.
Middlesex South, at Framingham, Sept. 20 and 21.
Worcester, at Worcester, Sept. 6, 7, 8, and 9.
Worcester West, at Barre, Sept. 29 and 30.
Worcester North, at Fitchburg, Sept. 27 and 28.
Worcester, North-west, at Athol, Oct. 4 and 5.
Worcester South, at Sturbridge, Sept. 15 and 16.
Worcester South-east, at Milford, Sept. 27, 28, and 29.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, at Northampton, Oct. 5, 6, and 7.
Hampshire, at Amherst, Sept. 22 and 23.
Highland, at Middlefield, Sept. 15 and 16.
Hampden, at Holyoke, Sept 27, 28, and 29.
Hampden East, at Palmer, Sept 20 and 21.
Union, at Blandford, Sept. 21, 22, and 23.
Franklin, at Greenfield, Sept. 29 and 30.
Deerfield Valley, at Charlemont, Sept. 22 and 23.
Berkshire, at Pittsfield, Oct. 4, 5, and 6.
Hoosac Valley, at North Adams, Sept. 20 and 21.
Housatonic, at Great Barrington, Sept. 28, 29, and 30.
Bristol, at Taunton, Sept. 27, 28, and 29.
Plymouth, at Bridgewater, Sept. 21, 22, and 23.
Hinchan, at Hingham, Sept. 13 and 14.
Marshfield, at Marshfield, Sept. 14, 15, and 16.
Barnstable, at Barnstable, Sept 27 and 28.
Nantucket, at Nantucket, Sept. 7 and 8.
Martha's Vineyard, at West Tisbury, Oct. 4 and 5.

MAINE.

Franklin Central, Strong, Sept. 24-25.
Knox, Camden, Oct. 4 6.
Knox North, Union, Oct. 4 6.
Lincoln, Damariscotta, Sept. 27 29.
Ossipee Valley, Cornish, Sept. 20 29.
Oxford, South Paris, Sept. 27-29.
Oxford West, Fryeburg, Oct. 11-13.
Penobscot, Hampden, Sept. 28-29
Penobscot North, Lincoln, Sept. 28-29.
Penobscot West, Exeter, Sept. 27-28.
Piscataquis Central, Foxcroft, Oct. 4-6.
Sagadahoc, Topsham, Oct. 11-13.
Waldo North, Unity, Oct. 12-13.
Washington West, Machias, Sept. 20-21.

RHODE ISLAND.

Aquidneck, Newport, Sept 6-8.
Washington, West Kingston, Sept. 13 15.
Woonsocket, Woonsocket, Sept. 20-22.

CONNECTICUT.

Clinton, Clinton, Sept. 21.
Danbury, Danbury, Oct. 4-8.
Fairfield, Norwalk, Sept. 13-16.
Guilford, Guilford, Sept. 28.
Killingworth, Killingworth Centre, Oct. 5.
New London, Norwich, Sept. 27-29.
Pequabuck, Bristol, Oct. 5-6.
Ridgefield, Ridgefield, Sept. 20-23.
Simsbury, Simsbury, Oct. 5-6.
Tolland East, Stafford Springs, Oct. 6-7.
Union, Falls Village, Sept 7 8.
Union, Trumbull, Sept. 21-23.
Watertown, Watertown, Sept. 27-29.
Windham, Brooklyn, Sept. 13-15.
Woodbridge and Bethany, Woodbridge, Sept 28 29.
Woodbury, Woodbury, Sept. 14-15.
Woodstock, South Woodstock, Sept. 21 23.

NEW YORK—COUNTY AND LOCAL.

Allegany, Angelica, Sept. 27-29.
Broome, Whitney's Point, Sept. 6 9.
Cattaraugus, Little Valley, Sept. 6-8.
Chautauqua, Jamestown, Sept. 20 23.
Cortland, Cortland, Sept. 6-8.
Delaware, Delhi, Sept. 20 22.
Duchess, Washington Hollow, Sept. 20-23.
Erie, Hamburg, Sept. 13-16.
Essex, Westport, Sept. 13-15.
Franklin, Malone, Sept. 27-29.
Fulton, Johnstown, Sept. 27-29.
Genesee, Batavia, Sept. 19-21.
Gouverneur, Gouverneur, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.
Greene, Cairo, Sept. 21-22.
Herkimer, Herkimer, Sept. 12-15.
Jefferson, Watertown, Sept. 20-22.
Lewis, Lowville, Sept. 13 16.
Livingston, Geneseo, Sept. 20 21.
Montgomery, Fonda, Sept. 13 15.
Niagara, Lockport, Sept. 22-24.
Oneida, Rome, Sept. 19-23.
Onondaga, Syracuse, Sept. 20 23.
Ontario, Canandaigua, Sept. 28 30.
Orange, Warwick, Sept. 20 23.
Orleans, Albion, Sept. 23 24.
Otsego, Cooperstown, Sept. 26 28.
Oswego, Mexico, Sept. 6-8.
Putnam, Carmel, Sept. 20-23.
Queens, Mineola, Sept. 27-29.
Rockland, Spring Valley, Sept. 27-29.
Rockland Industrial, Clarkstown, Sept. 28-30.
St. Lawrence, Canton, Sept. 13 15.
Saratoga, Saratoga, Sept. 20-23
Schoharie, Schoharie, Sept. 20-22.
Seneca, Waterloo, Sept. 27-29.
Southern Ulster Horticultural, Highland, Sept. 15-16.
Steuben, Bath, Sept. 27-30.
Suffolk, Riverhead, Oct. 4 6
Sullivan, Monticello, Sept. 28-29.
Tioga, Owego, Sept. 27-29.
Tompkins, Ithaca, Sept. 27 29.
Tonawanda Valley, Attica, Sept. 13 15.
Warren, Glen's Falls, Sept. 13-16.
Washington, Sandy Hill, Sept. 6-9.
Western New York, Rochester, Sept. 27-30.
Wyoming, Warsaw, Sept. 21-23.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Crawford county, Meadville, Sept. 28-30.
Crawford county, Connaseauville, Oct. 5-7.
Crawford county, Titusville, Sept. 20-23.
Beaver county, Beaver.
Butler county, Butler, Sept. 20-22.
Butler county, Harrisburg, Sept. 27-29.
Erie county, Erie, Sept. 13-16.
Lawrence county, Newcastle, Sept. 13-16.
Mercer county, Mercer, Sept. 7-9.
Mercer county, Greenville, Sept. 20-22.
Mercy county, Stoneboro', Oct. 5-7.
Venango county, Franklin, Sept. 21-23.
Washington county, Washington, Oct. 4-6.
Washington county, Cannonsburg, Sept. 27-29.

CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY CATTLE MARKET.

Beeves.—Among the general supply which arrived there was 65 loads of light mixed Cattle, including Texans and Cherokees of from 800 to 950 lbs weight. The poorest on these sold at 3½c ₱ lb, while the best bunches brought as high as 5½c. The native offerings ranged from light to heavy in weight and from poor to prime in quality, the lowest and highest prices of the week extending from $5 25@6 65 ₱ 100 Ds. The latter figure was paid for a load of heavy natives that averaged 1,456 lbs, while $6 60 ₱ 100 lbs was obtained on several bunches, some of which averaged 1,500 lbs and upwards. The general ruling on native Cattle shows no apparent weakness, and yet no money is being made here as Cattle continue to cost sellers too much to warrant them any profit. It is only necessary to say, in order to explain this, that the main ruling on choice steers at Chicago is 25c ₱ 100 lbs higher than at Buffalo, although the difference ought to be considerable more in favor of the latter place. A fairly good week's trade has been felt here so far as the inquiry was concerned, the demand showing an increase over one week ago.

Prices.—Premium, $6 50@7 00; extra, $6 75@6 50; first quality, $5 50@6 75; second quality, $5 00@5 50; third quality, $4 00@5 00; inferior, $3 25@4 25.

Milch Cows.—Three loads of through stock, which arrived early in the week were shipped to points in the country. John Gavin disposed of a few Cows here at retail, prices ranging from $40 to $60. There is no demand to speak of at present and the above includes about all the business transacted.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep have sold somewhat more freely than of late at the same prices which ruled current during the last market week. The sales, however, were nearly all in small bunches, buyers taking them in that way in order to fill out a car load of Lambs. The sales were all within a range of 5@5½c ₱ lb for fair to good, while extra would probably command 6c. Each week's trade has been dull in Lambs, although the ruling was somewhat irregular, and especially so during the middle of the week. A pretty strong supply at that time caused prices to weaken, but the decline was afterwards regained, and on Friday the ruling was as firm as at the beginning of the week. Sales have been effected all the way from 6½c for culls to 8c for the best lots, the latter being quoted as the extreme price at the close. We quote: Sheep, common to fair, 4½@5c; fair to good, 5@5½c, and extra, 5½@6 ₱ lb. Lambs, common to fair, 5½@7c; fair to good, 7@7½c, and extra, 7½@8c ₱ lb.—*Albany Journal.*

PARIS GREEN SIFTER

Paris Green Sifter.

For sifting and dusting Potato Vines with London Purple and Paris Green Mixture, or Squash, Cucumber and Melon Vines with Plaster.

Price per Dozen $9.50; Price each 95 cents.

PARIS GREEN MIXTURE

For destroying Potato Bugs. This mixture is composed of pure Paris Green and Fine Ground Plaster thoroughly ground together. The labor and danger in mixing are avoided by using this preparation, and we recommend it as the best article for every farmer to use. We have sold it extensively during the past three seasons, and in no instance has it failed to give perfect satisfaction. Quantity to be used per acre from 25 to 75 lbs, according to size and growth of vines.

Per 5 pound Package..... 35
" 25 " " $1.60
" 50 " " 1.75
" 100 " " 3.00

PARIS GREEN, Pure.

In 1 lb. packages per lb...35 | In kegs containing 125 lbs. in bulk, per lb. 25

LONDON PURPLE.

The following properties are the same, but obtained by a cheaper method, so that the cost of killing the bugs is reduced fully one-half by its use.

In 1 lb. packages, per lb.....15 | In kegs containing 140 lbs., in bulk, per lb.....1

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,

Importers, Growers and Dealers in Vegetable, Field, Grass and Flower Seeds.

jly9-tf 51, 52 & 53 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

BEATTY'S MIDSUMMER OFFERS.

Write for Beautiful Illustrated CATALOGUE, or order direct from this Advertisement.

PRICE, ONLY $126.75.

NEW STYLE, No. 2119 PIPE TOP.

It is Very Handsomely Cased, and contains 80 STOPS, 7 Full Sets Golden Tongue Reeds. Bexed, with stool, book and Music.

Price, only $126.75.

PRICE, ONLY $173.75.

NEW STYLE, No. 1910 Beautiful Drawing Room Parlor Cabinet Organ, 6 Octaves, Rosewood Case, Great Power, Fine Action, Carved Trusses and Consoles; Best Iron Frame; All Improvements, with cover, stool, book and music. Fully Warranted

Price, Only $178.75

Beatty's Factory.

Railroad Ave. & Beatty St., Washington, N. J. U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the world. 700 skilled mechanics employed.

MID-SUMMER OFFERS.

Now is your time to order PIANOS AND ORGANS. Having largely increased my facilities for manufacturing, my Mid-Summer Offers for 1881 are decidedly the lowest I have ever made.

Send for full particulars, illustrations, etc., also for speaking tube purposes. Will work in a circuit of four miles, if desired.

An unequaled source of amusement and instruction for the young folks.

Price for two instruments with mouthpieces, attachments, etc., with full instructions for setting them up, $2.00. Sent by express to any address, on receipt of price, or can be sent by mail, if 36 cents additional is remitted to pay postage. Address all orders to the

Home Telephone Manuf'g Co.

P. O. Box 819, Pittsburg, Pa.

We want lady and gentlemen agents in every town and city, to introduce the BOSTON TELEPHONE. Business pleasant, honorable and profitable. $75.00 to $100.00 per month can be made with but little exertion. No capital required. You have only to show the Telephone to secure orders, as they speak for themselves.

We will send two SAMPLE Telephones for AGENTS, with full outfit and instructions for $1.00 and eight 3 cent postage stamps. Address,

HOME TELEPHONE MANUF'G CO.

Box 819, Pittsburg, Pa.

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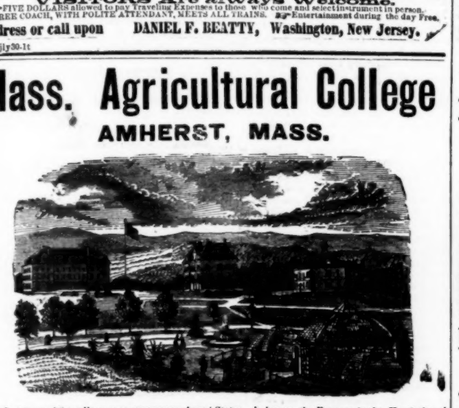
Mass. Agricultural College

AMHERST, MASS.



The first term of the college year commences Aug. 25th; the second term, Dec. 9th; the third term, March 25th and ends June 22d. Candidates for admission must be fifteen years of age, and pass examinations in Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra through simple equations, and History of the United States. Labor on the Farm or in the Horticultural Department is required six hours a week, and Military Drill three hours. Opportunity is given to labor for self-support. The necessary expenses from $115 to $200 a year, one half of which the student can earn by his labor if he desires. Further information may be received by applying to

je4-tf LEVI STOCKBRIDGE, President.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

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Home

The Poet's Corner.

CORDA CONCORDIA.

From E. C. Stedman's poem at the Concord School of Philosophy.

Within this leafy haunt
Their service ministrant
Upheld the nobler freedom of the soul.
How was it hither came
The message and the flame
Anew? Make answer from thine aureole
O mother Nature, thou who best
Man's heart in all thy ways interpretest!

High thoughts of thee brought near
Unto our minstrel seer!
The antique calm, the Asian wisdom old,
Till in his verse we heard
Of blossom, bee, and bird,
Of mountain crag and pine, the manifold
Rich song—and on the world his eyes
Dwelt penetrant with vision sweet and wise.

Whence came the silver tongue
To one forever young
Who spoke until our hearts within us burned?
This reverend one, 2 who took
No palimpsest or book,
But read his soul with glances inward turned,
While (her rapt forehead like the dawn)
The Sybil listened, by that music drawn,

And from her fearless mouth, 3
Where never speech had drouth,
Gave voice to some bold chant of womanhood—
Her own imaginings,
Like swift, resplendent things,
Flashing from eyes that knew to beam or brood.
What sought these shining ones? What thought
From preacher-saint have poet and teacher caught?

In scorn of meaner use,
Anon, the young recluse 4
Builded his hut beside the woodland lake,
And set the world far off,
Though with no will to scoff,
Thus from the Earth's near breast fresh life to take.
Against her bosom, heart to heart,
All Nature's sweets he ravished for his Art.
—*August Atlantic.*

1 Alcott. 2 Emerson.
3 Margaret Fuller. 4 Thoreau.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

BLUE BLOOD.

Leaves from Mrs. Brownjohn's Journal.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

June 18.—What is so rare as a day in June, sings one of New England's sweetest bards. I laid down the volume of poems which held my pleased attention for an hour or more, to listen to another bard singing the praises of the poet's month from the leafy depths of the broad-branched oak beneath whose shade I had whiled away the morning hours.

With soul and sense exalted I turn to the unbound volume, spread out before me, to read in its glowing pages poems, which memory is mutely transcribing, to cheer at unbidden moments should fate in the future part me from these fair familiar scenes. And now the thrush's song has ceased; I hear no sound but the gentle whisper of my young King Robert from the near orchard. Has not a boy's laughter a music in it that a mother's ear alone may detect? In sooth, I am wasting the hours that I intended to give to my diary, in recording the impressions and incidents of my late visit to Rockhaven.

Before me on a verdant knoll stands my home, a spacious old-fashioned winged house. Its wide porched door, and a variety of creepers, climbing to the very roof, give the antique dwelling a peculiarly picturesque appearance. This dear spot, the dearest on earth to me, has a little history of its own, dating back to the time when it was built and occupied by the first Robert Brownjohn, my husband's great grandfather, and the loyal subject of a foreign ruler. The ancient homestead has successively sheltered four generations all springing from republican sires bearing the honored name, Robert Brownjohn. My bright, brave boy, whose laughter still floats to his mother's heart, will have and hold the old place when his father and I have passed into the skies. But why cast the shadow of coming events over the present sunny hour.

"The Oaks," as the place has been called for over a century, is one of the ancient landmarks of Graytown. Its sloping lawn, in all its green and gracious affluence, is a joy of my heart; while its towering trees are regarded with peculiar veneration by my husband. Well they may be, for they were planted by kindred hands, long since turned to dust.

Visitors from far and near come to look at and admire our majestic trees. Here under this my favorite oak stood, a few days since, that lovely old lady Mrs. Poppy, who makes all who approach her feel that age has charms as impressible as the captivating graces of youth.

"The proudest park in England cannot boast of such trees," she said. I suppose the Brownjohn blood, tinged as it is with ancestral prejudice, would scorn to call them *royal* oaks, as we do in England; and yet, the light of this ancient home to-day is a young king.

The dear old lady with that youthful laugh of hers laid her hand caressingly on the head of my boy, as he handed her a spray filled with the graceful leaves of the oak. "A souvenir of my visit to Graytown," she said. "I shall twine these leaves with oak leaves from the motherland, gathered in the sunshine of royalty at Windsor Park."

I had met Mrs. Poppy at Rockhaven. She was one of the favored few among the guests at the Traveller's Home who was adm tted to the happy circle gathered at eventide in the snuggery.

In his characteristic way our genial host introduced us; with a smile on his lips, but a touch of feeling in his tones that indicated that his impromptu rhymes meant more than mere jingle, he joined our hands saying—

"Mrs. Poppy, with pleasure and kindest intent
My friend Mrs. Brownjohn to you I present.
In friendship's fond clasp, ever faithful and true,
May these hands long entwine until life's last adieu."

I found in Mrs. Poppy one of those winsome souls one feels acquainted with at once. Talking to her, the present hour seemed merged into an indefinite past of friendly associations and the acquaintance of an hour seeming to be one of years. It was from her lips I heard the story that I now transcribe to these pages. The leading personages of the tale she had often seen in her native town in merry England.

BLUE BLOOD.

Barbara Bride, "the belle of Hilladale," as she was often called, was the only child of a widow. What with her comely face, shapely figure and engaging manners, she was an object of envy to many a maiden of less attractions, and one of rarely between several sighing swains, each one of whom treasured the hope of winning her.

Jeremy Bride, who was a respectable tradesman, left his daughter well provided for, his widow receiving a handsome jointure. Mrs. Bride lived in a snug cottage on one side of a long straggling street, that formed the chief thoroughfare of Hilldale, and nearly opposite a large, dilapidated mansion, that, with its air of having seen better days, seemed to look patronizingly down on the trim little homestead. A general air of shabby gentility hung around the once pretentious residence; if the truth were told the little widow rather prided herself on her near proximity to "The Hall," as the old dwelling was still called by courtesy.

Therein dwelt another widow the very antipodes of Mrs. Bride in appearance. Short of stature, plump of person, was the widow of Jeremy Bride; tall, angular and bony the relict of Humphrey Vapors. Poor and proud, cold and repelling in manner, no friend or neighbor ever entered her doors to spend a social hour, and lend some cheer to the lonesome house. She owned a small property in the neighborhood, that brought her in a scanty income, and by practising the severest economy, she supported herself and two sons.

Very proud of being proud was Mrs. Arabella Vapors. It was a sort of compensation to her in the midst of her poverty to think that the offspring of Humphrey Vapors had never stained their aristocratic hands with manual labor, and she often declared, that as long as her life was spared they should not lower their lineage by descending to trade.

Hubert and Harold Vapors, as a consequence, were aimless and inefficient, anxious and unhappy. Occasionally, they went from home, visiting here and there among wealthy relations, but as their stay was always of short duration, it is to be presumed that their absence would be more agreeable than their presence.

Hubert, the elder, who was now in his twenty-first year, was the counterpart of his mother in figure and feature, but most unlike her in disposition. He was not the favorite child of his cold-eyed parent. Often, though unintentionally, did he offend the pride of his haughty mother by democratic tendencies, thoughtlessly expressed.

"I wonder," she would retort at such times, "from whom you brought your mean ideas? Surely, not from me. I never forgot, for a moment, through all our fallen fortunes, that I am the grand-niece of Sir Peter Pumper, and that my husband was descended from the Popletons of Popleton Park. I often fear that my first-born, whom I sent out to be nursed, was changed in his cradle, and you, yes, Hubert, don't stare so, you were put in his place. For surely, no child of mine could for a moment, entertain the low-bred opinions to which you so frequently give expression."

One of the "mean ideas" that stirred the wrath of the Griffin, as the gossips of the town had named her, was Hubert's astounding assertion that the Vapors, with all the blue blood of the Pumpers and Popletons in their veins, were no better than many of their unpretentious neighbors, "Mrs. Bride and her daughter, for instance," he ventured to add.

The wary mother mused on the example given. Her suspicious ear detected a tremulousness in his voice when he spoke of their cottage-neighbors. Henceforth her dark visage wore a darker hue whenever she saw the fair face of Barbara Bride bent demurely over her needlework, as she sat at the rose-embowered window over the way. At such times, a curious coincidence, Hubert was sure to be found reading at one of the front windows of his dreary home. Mrs. Vapors from her corner, she had a propensity for sitting in corners, would glare at her apparently unconscious son, then, with actions more expressive than words, she would open and shut with clatter and bang various doors of old cabinets and closets while audibly humming, an infallible sign of her vexation. Sometimes she detected her recreant son casting sly and sheepish glances at the cottage window with its attractive occupant, and though she would not lower her pride by hinting at the possibility of such an occurrence, she would give vent to her restless rage by misplacing the furniture, jerking the innocent chairs from one end of the room to the other. So the prolonged noise and rattle did what the stubborn tongue refused to do, drove Hubert from his post of observation; who, with a smothered sigh and a disconsolate shrug of his shoulders, would vacate the obnoxious seat and seek quiet in his dreary den, with an outlook on the wild, neglected garden.

The next moment his place would be filled by the Griffin with fixed, keen gaze on the opposite window. After awhile the unsuspecting Barbara would lift two roguish blue eyes from her work to the pane that imaged the sour visage of Arabella Vapors. Then would the red lips of the maiden pout with disappointment and surprise, while the soft glance turned from the ill-favored look lowered upon her.

At last, in the most natural way in the world, Hubert became acquainted with his pretty neighbor; yet he was in a turmoil of apprehension lest his mother should know it.

Returning from a solitary ramble, one evening, among the green lanes in the outskirts of the town, he encountered Barbara leaning for support against a hedge on the wayside. She had slipped and sprained her ankle. But half regretting the cause that opened to him this golden opportunity of addressing her, he hastened to offer his assistance, which she blushingly accepted. So Hubert had the happiness of assisting to her home the object of his silent love and devotion.

The next morning when the Griffin was occupied with household affairs, the eager Hubert hastened to the cottage. A rosy young damsel, who filled the important position of maid-of-all-work to the little widow, answered his timid knock.

Would she be so good, he stammered, as to present Mr. Vapor's compliments to Miss Bride, and let her know that he called to enquire for her health after the accident of the previous evening.

In a moment after, the widow came forward and thanked him some what coldly, while, with a beating heart he accepted her formal invitation and entered the pretty parlor, where Barbara greeted him from a reclining chair, with eyes that said too much for prudence.

He staid one golden hour, and left with a confused sense of love and delight, that cast out all fear of the Griffin. So he walked boldly forward, reckless of consequences, in a straight line from the plebian cottage to the abode that sheltered the descendants of the Pumpers and Poppletons.

He was met at the door by his patrician parent, who glared upon him with speechless anger. She waved her hand with a stately motion towards the parlor, and followed him there; then her scornful reproaches broke out impetuously.

"So, sir, you have at last found your way into that hut opposite! What will all Hilldale say to this? What will your own brother think of the humiliation of this hour?

"Well, mother," he returned, rushing at once into the middle of things with a spirit that astonished himself, "you must hear me speak. There is no use in remaining silent any longer."

He hurriedly related the little episode of the previous evening; his sympathetic morning call being slightly alluded to, and without intending to be so precipitate, he excitedly ended by declaring that he loved Barbara Bride.

"O, that I should have lived to hear this!" and the patrician Arabella bemoaning the continuance of her existence stamped around the room in the most unladylike manner.

"Listen to me, Hubert Vapors; if ever again you put a foot into that hovel, or speak another word to these common creatures—that hour you will forfeit the love and respect of your mother forever; I shall disown you; your brother shall not acknowledge you. To think of a plebeian like her for a wife! That is what the young schemer has been planning; planting herself daily at the window for the purpose of inveigling you into a marriage. She wants to ally herself with the house of Vapors forsooth! Yes, both she and her designing dame of a mother have plotted all this. Are you blind not to see that the sprained ankle was a feint?"

"Mother," he cried indignantly, "I can hear no more of this. You may rest assured that Mrs. Bride has no intention of giving her daughter to a beggar like me. Miss Bride in all likelihood," he hesitated and reddened furiously with the gray eyes snapping fire at him, "will get a husband who will be able to support her in handsome style, and laugh down the pretentions of the Pumpers and Poppletons.'

He took his hat and went out into the sweet summer air. Strolling along the shady road he quieted his mind with thoughts of Barbara, and in fancy held the warm, soft hand in his again, recalling with a thrill of pleasure the tender grace with which she placed it in his at parting.

When Mrs. Bride's door had closed on their visitor, that brisk little lady hastened to the window and watched him until he disappeared within his own dwelling. Shaking her round, little fist at the venerable abode of the patricians she snapped out—"Not one penny of the fortune that Jeremy Bride left his daughter shall go to prop up yonder tumble-down old barracks." Still shaking her plump fist at the unseen Griffin she went on—My "Lady Vapors, with your fine airs and head held so high above us all, your empty coffers shall never be replenished out of Barbara Bride's pockets."

"What do you mean, mother, faltered Barbara, blushing deeply. I cannot think to what you are alluding?"

"Barbara, dear, I don't want to vex you when you are suffering with a swollen ankle. Another time I'll say more; let this suffice for the present. That young gawky shall never enter these doors again. If he calls I'll meet him and give him to understand that I know what his motives are in coming here; that Jeremy Bride's daughter with her nine hundred pounds is too good for him, and that he may tell his grandee mother that I said so. There!"

As if appeased by this ebullition of resentment, uttered more against the grandee than the gawky, the little widow resumed her knitting as if nothing had disturbed her equanimity.

Barbara remained silent, and her mother glancing at the fair, thoughtful face, could read nothing there, and yet, mused the widow with some uneasiness, Jeremy Bride's daughter was Jeremy bride's determined will notwithstanding her demure ways. Love that laughs at locksmiths may laugh also at a prudential parent who flings impediments in his way.

Though four parental, watchful eyes were ever on the alert to detect any communication between the young gawky and the young schemer, they met again and met often. Vows and locks of hair were interchanged, and the opposition they met with, of course, the old, old story, only strengthened the love between them.

Three months had passed since Hubert's visit to the hovel, when early one morning all the gossips of Hilsdale were thrown into a state of unusual excitement. An occurrence had taken place after daybreak the like of which had not happened within its sleepy precincts in the memory of its oldest inhabitant.

On that bright September morning Barbara, accompanied by an elderly female relative, who met her by appointment on the outskirts of the town, entered a close carriage that was in waiting, and they were driven rapidly by the well-paid Jehu towards Monford, the county town seven miles distant. Here they were met by Hubert, who had already procured a license, as they were to be united without delay.

How all this was town talk before breakfast, even while the two widows kept their own counsel in their own chambers, is an enigma that remains yet to be explained to the satisfaction of the numerous descendants of Mrs. Grundy.

The rattling of the brass knocker on Widow Bride's door kept the rosy-cheeked maid busy through the first hours of excitement. She had but one answer for all the sympathising news-seekers, "Mrs. Bride cannot be seen to-day,"—and so the early callers retired with looks of baffled curiosity.

In the meanwhile, in the retirement of her room, Mrs. Bride pondered on the steps her daughter had taken. She read and re-read the note found on that daughter's pillow, the contents of which were as follows:

"My Own Dear Mother—I ask your forgiveness for what I am about to do. Before you read this note I shall be the wife of Hubert Vapors. I love him with my whole heart, and he is entirely worthy of the love, confidence and respect of any good woman. As neither Mrs. Vapors or you would consent to our union, and as we cannot endure a longer separation, and clandestine communication being not only inconvenient, but as we always felt, even in our happiest moments, incompatible with a true love that should not shun the light, and believing that a speedy marriage would alone settle these difficulties, we have decided to be united to-day at Monford. Dearest mother, I cannot write more, my eyes are dim from weeping. Cousin Mary at my request accompanies me. My address for the present will be at her home in Monford. Once more, forgive me for what I am forced to do. Your loving Barbara."

The little widow paced the room with an anxious air. She next sat down with her round chin resting on her dimpled hands and her eyes fixed on the tear-stained missive in her lap. Gradually the look of anxiety and annoyance, so foreign to that cheery face, gave place to an earnest, satisfied determination that augured forgiveness to the child of her heart.

"What will be, will be," she mused. "I ought to have foreseen how it would end. I see Jeremy Bride's determined will in his daughter's prompt action in establishing her right to marry the man she loves. But it would have been better if she had been married from her own fireside. No discredit must come to her from this affair. After all he is a gentleman, though a poor one, and my child's money might have fallen into worse hands. Only for that Griffin of a mother of his, I should have been satisfied with Hubert Vapors as a son-in-law."

Arriving at this conclusion she sat down to a dainty breakfast-table, and over the cup that cheers the female heart she planned her next movements. Frequently while sipping the fragrant Bohea she drank to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Vapors, with a secret pleasure that she would not admit to herself.

On the opposite side of the street Arabella Vapors paced over the faded carpet of her dingy drawing-room. No friend or neighbor came to her door to offer a word of sympathy or to gratify the all-devouring curiosity of the feminine bosom that hungered to know how the blue blood of Arabella bore this mesalliance. The Griffin at last paused before the portrait of a cadaverous looking individual, and with more of anger than sorrow, addressed the silent semblance.

"It is well for you that you are not alive to-day, Humphrey Vapors, to feel the disgrace brought upon your proud name by your eldest son, who with his insane notions of equality has stooped to the dust for a wife."

At this point Nancy, the old-time retainer of the house of Vapors, entered with tea, toast and eggs; placing the tray containing the late breakfast on the table, departed as silently as she had entered, while her mistress was wiping a speck of dust from the Roman nose of the departed Humphrey.

She, too, mused over the cup that does not inebriate, but in a savage way peculiar to such a Griffin: "He shall come here no more. Let him luxuriate now in the society of his low-bred wife and her common mother. I see through it all now. The elopement was planned by that old dame of a mother of hers." The "old dame" was ten years the junior of Arabella. "People will now think that *she* had objections to the match. Objections, indeed! I suppose she is wild with delight this morning at the success of her plotting. How nicely she entrapped that simple son of mine into her meshes. Mrs. Hubert Vapors—how proud the young schemer must be to bear that name. But I'll let the world see how I despise them; and the world shall own that if I am poor to-day, I am as proud as when riches were at my command."

The great world turned on its axis, just as it did without let or hindrance from time immemorial, while the little world within the world that contained the mighty precincts known as Hinsdale, was rapidly recovering its social shock of the morning.

In her secret soul this woman felt that the despised daughter of her neighbor was a fitting help-mate for her son, a wife that would bestow upon him happiness and a happy home, the latter a blessing he had never known.

Before noon that day Mrs. Bride was on her way to Monford. It remains on record that she wore her yellow brocaded silk dress that was only donned on state occasions. It was said she also displayed an embroidered velvet reticule; the wedding gift of the departed Jeremy, sprinkling the air around her with an overwhelming musky odor.

On the third day after the elopement an open carriage drawn by two cream colored horses, and hired for the occasion at the livery stable in Monford, drew up in front of Mrs. Bride's cottage. The Griffin, who was constantly on the watch to see what might transpire at the hut over the way, beheld her degenerate son stepping lightly from the vehicle, his face agiow with happiness. How she bit her thin lips as the heir to Humphrey Vapor's poverty gallantly assisted his blushing bride and her smiling mother to alight.

A few urchins attracted by the unusual sight of a carriage before Mrs. Bride's door, and quickly spying the white bridal favors on the coat of the grinning Jehu, took up a position before the pretty domicile by perching themselves on the low paling that encompassed "The Hall." As if by magic their numbers augmented till within a minute or two they appeared like a flock of sparrows suddenly alighted on the rickety enclosure. As the joyous trio entered the cottage a shrill "Hoorah!" rose from the human sparrows, a shock to the ears of the peeping Griffin. Again and again was the welcoming shout repeated.

"Send the imps away, they'll drive me distracted with their idiotic yells!"

The ancient Nancy, obedient to the command of her mistress, rushed to the door and flinging it wide open, waved her hand to the juvenile cheerers to desist, her feeble voice being unheard amid the shrill clamor. Her excited action failing in its intentions, served but to incite the imps to give further expression to their hilarity, and suddenly facing "The Hall," for many minutes the air rang with shouts of "Hoorah for the Vapors! Hurrah! hoorah!"

With her hands pressed over her ears Arabella sank on a chair in a state of dismay, chagrin and anger indescribable.

"Mr. Hubert is in the parlor, ma'am," announced Nancy two hours later.

The Griffin had retired to her chamber earlier than usual and was then employed in writing an account of the transactions of the past few days to her youngest son, who was paying one of his wandering visits among his kinsfolk.

"Tell him to come and stand at the door, if he has any business with me," was her answer.

Hubert who had followed Nancy overheard her reply.

"Mother!" he pleaded with outstretched hands. She puts hers behind her back.

"Go, ingrate, to your low connections and call me mother no more." She turned from him as she spoke.

"Mother, mother, think of what you say!" he remonstrated in a pained voice. "You will yet be sorry for these hard words."

"You deserve no better treatment from me. This interview must end. I am ill," she went on in querulous tones. "Your conduct has made me so,—not to speak of the exhibition on the public street this morning."

"Good-by, mother," he said with a sigh. "On reflection, mother, I hope that you will see that I am blest in winning so sweet and true a girl for my wife."

A year had passed and Hubert Vapors was the owner of a fine farm in the immediate neighborhood of Hilsdale; and though he had no occasion to do so, he often soiled his aristocratic hands in doing manual labor. Up in the morning early, out among his waving cornfields, inciting by his presence the farm hands to diligence; he soon found the constant occupation a promoter of health and happiness. When the day's duties drew to a close, as he turned homeward, while the lark carrolled overhead, and the fragrant meadows waved in their golden beauty before him, he would often soliloquize somewhat in this wise.

This is a life worth living. How different to the drouish existence of the past, when time hung so heavily over me. His eyes would linger lovingly on the pretty homestead peeping through the trees that towered loftily above it, and he would bless his wife, the guardian angel, whose love was the light that made that home a heaven.

Barbara proud and fond of her darling boy, as she used playfully call him, found her brightest and best moments in his society. The little widow was a model mother-in-law. She preferred living still at the cottage endeared to her by so many tender memories; but she spent every Sabbath at Glen Farm, where she seemed to live over again the vanished happy days of her wedded life in witnessing the sunny serenity of the two hearts that ever beat in fond sympathy.

After a long struggle with herself, Arabella Vapors induced at last by the entreaties of her son Harold, extended her forgiveness to the culprits. They had already paid two dutiful visits to the relenting Griffin, and the rosy lips of the plebeian wife were allowed to touch the nankeen cheek of her patrician mother-in-law. But as yet the Griffin had not relaxed her pride sufficiently to condescend to visit the farm.

All Hilladale should see that she could unbend to receive the woman who now bore the name of Vapors; but all Hilladale must wait before she should lower herself much more.

The Griffin blamed herself for Hubert's fall from his high estate, and with a determination that was not to be shaken by any adverse circumstances, she now proceeded to find a wife after her own heart for her youngest son.

Harold was decidedly very handsome; tall! dark with large eyes that had a listless weary look. Being too indolent to form any decided opinion of his own, he generally yielded passively to his mother's will.

"Do just as you please, mother," he said, with his usual indifference, when she broached the subject of matrimony to him. "I am too lazy to go fortune hunting myself. Yet, good-for-nothing as I am, with my days drifting uselessly by, I am averse to mercenary marriages, and think that man contemptible who marries for money."

The Griffin looked blank at this unexpected declaration.

"Hear me," she said speaking slowly and with peculiar emphasis. "Your father died insolvent. I have but a paltry life annuity—I can leave my children nothing but the inheritance of an honored name. It was not in my power to give you a profession; and no one belonging to me ever engaged in trade. So, Harold, you must marry a fortune. There is one thing, though, that I wish you to bear in mind, I would sooner see you wed a beggar with blue blood in her veins than a plebeian rolling in riches."

Left to himself Harold pictured the plebeian treasure of a wife his brother possessed. That brother's domestic happiness was something new and pleasing to him in the extreme, and its contemplation often awoke in his soul a wish for a pretty homenest of his own.

[To be continued.]

TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And finds the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.

—*Scribner for August.*

MY COOK.

BY GARRY MOSS.

I was in despair.

Tildy Tyson, my invaluable "help"—who never had followers (to my knowledge) gave warning. We had just breakfasted on her incomparable waffles and clear coffee, when she came in with a

"Mem, when me month's up I've got to leave ye. I'm to be married, mem."

"Good gracious!" was my response. "You going to be married, Tildy, you! What! have you lived forty years in ease and comfort to be trapped at last?"

"I'm pretending it, mem," responded Tildy, turning a faint copper color and casting down her eyes.

"And who is the happy man?"

"An ould beau of mine, mem—as is a coachman with good wage, an' able to keep me."

"Well Tildy, I suppose I must wish you joy," was my doleful response, "but whatever am I to do?"

"Sure it's sorry enough I be that it's a misfortin to me, for I've been that considerate I'd not let ye set yer fut in the kitchen—but it do seem to be the lot an' the luck of the best of us, mem."

It was very dispiriting to hunt for a girl in the heat of July, but it must be done. I spent twelve dollars in hack hire and intelligence offices, and found at last a poor, lonely orphan with a red nose and skim-milk eyes, who represented herself as having "no friends in the world." She did tolerably well under my instructions till my quarter's store bill came in, with thirty dollars additional footed up. Now, as all good housekeepy's should, I keep my accounts with methodical care, and so I learned that my poor orphan kept a mother and three sisters. The institution was too expensive, and I exchanged her for a Mulhony, who got drunk regularly on Saturday night, and in one of her sprees came near burning us all up.

One day, almost frantic over my loss of time and domestic comfort, I went down town where somebody's cousin had found a splendid cook for somebody else's cousin. It was a little box of a place, and within sat a man all head and shoulders, who sent me into a yet smaller room beyond.

"I'm afraid we haven't exactly the sort o' person you want," he said, "but you can try them."

As I entered, a woman in the furthest corner pulled a grey veil over her face, and, bunching her shoulders, turned her head away.

Didn't I know that queer little twist? There was something familiar in the whole *personnel* of the woman, but I went the rounds till I came to her.

"You wish a place," I said, with a singular trepidation. "Are you a good cook?"

"I does chamberwork, mem," was the stifled reply.

"You do!" I responded, with a quick leap of the heart; "yes, and you make waffles, and delicious clear coffee, and keep the kitchen stove shining like a mirror, and boil and roast to perfection, and get up the best kind of strawberry shortcake, and iron shirts like a queen, and make corn starch pudding and cream tarts, and keep your mistress out of the kitchen! Now, Tildy, if I've got you again I'm just the happiest woman in New York, and I'll add whatever you say to your wages."

There was a sob, an odd little shake of the whole body. Poor Tildy had burst into tears.

"An' sure, I was shamed to come back to ye. An' ye'll not want me, mabby, for it's disgraced I am. His tother wife come and said 'no,' jest as the minister axed if there was any raison, and so I wasn't no wife at all, at all."

"Poor Tildy, come home with me. We will make you happier than ever you could have been with such a wretch."

"An' I wouldn't mind it a bit," sobbed Tildy, vindictively, "if I could only see him punished, for I bought his weddin' suit, an' a gould watch, and me own weddin' ring which niver went on my finger."

"Never mind, Tildy, she'll punish him," I said.

"I hope she will, an' if any one axes me to marry, I'll choke him, sure as my name is Tildy;" which assurance was an immense relief.

Tildy is a fixture now. Being "up'ards o' forty," I think we shall go on enjoying light waffles and clear coffee to the end of the chapter, unless that importunate bridegroom steps in who never takes no for an answer, and weds her in a shroud.—*Food and Health.*

THE MARKSMAN.

Two centuries ago throughout Europe life and property were but slightly protected, compared with the arrangement of our advanced system. When the poacher failed to capture a sufficiency of game, the temptation to supply the want by obtaining the ready possession of a purse well-filled with gold was irresistible to the half-savage minds of men living in a lawless state. The latter course had this advantage, that it precluded the necessity of going to market, and disposing of the game under suspicious circumstances, and at a reduced price; while, in either case, the prize was won by the pulling of a trigger.

The leader of the band of poachers which frequented this forest was a young man of a good family, residing near a village on the skirts of the forest. Libertinism had lured him into crime. Passionately enamored of a young girl who had been refused him in marriage, he decided upon her abduction. For this purpose he associated himself with some wild youths of dubious or decidedly bad character; and to escape the vengeance of the laws which the greater number of them had outraged, they were together to pass their lives in the midst of the forest. Skilful and fearless poachers, they presently became the terror of the keepers; and when any of these opposed their depredations, a shot from an arquebuse (the fire-arm then in fashion), aimed from behind the covert of a tree, speedily silenced the gamekeepers' attack. Presently no one dared to penetrate within the recesses of the Great Forest; and few were hardy enough to journey on its borders.

Hans Rudner, the leader of this daring band, had commenced the reckless life of an outlaw by carrying off the young girl of whom I have already spoken; but running riot in the excess of his unbridled power, he presently became sated with his conquest. Like other gallants, less alienated from society, but scarcely less mischievous, he was fond of change. He visited the neighboring towns and villages under different disguises, and whenever he spied a beautiful woman, he was sure to watch her movements until a favorable moment arose, and then pouncing upon her like a vulture, he bore her away into the heart of the woods. After this came the turn of a second and a third, until there were reckoned in Frankfort no fewer than nine beautiful girls thus carried off, eight of whom were subsequently returned to their disconsolate parents in a state little calculated to allay their sad disquietude.

When the keepers of the forest jointly attacked the poachers, the latter, forming an ambuscade in the pits and ravines, or amid the branches of the tall trees, allowed the enemy to advance. At a signal given by Rudner, their pieces were all fired at once, and seldom did one of the unfortunate keepers escape from the cruel massacre to carry the intelligence to the neighboring villages. Rudner's companions fired at the bodies of their opponents; but Rudner himself always lodged his ball in the left eye of the man at whom he took aim. Whenever a poor wretch was found lying dead upon one of the forest paths, or on the roads adjoining, with the mark of a ball having pas ed through his left eye, the customary exclamation was: "Tis the ball of Rudner Lincks-Auge (left eye).

Enormities like these could not fail to lead to a catastrophe. The senators of Frankfort assembled to deliberate upon the most effectual means of breaking up and utterly exterminating this atrocious band. Troops were hastily enrolled for the service. All the hardy youths of the neighboring villages, including the brothers and those who had been affianced to the injured maidens, panting for revenge, joined the expedition with an ardor which was nursed by the sense of personal wrong, armed themselves to the teeth, proclaimed a crusade, and swore never to return without the body of Hans Radner, living or dead.

The forest was surrounded, and the circle contracted by degrees, as in the grand hunting exhibitions of the east, until the poaching brigands were at length discovered, hunted to their lair, and, urged to extremity, these lawless men defended themselves with great bravery, but, overpowered by numbers, they were taken almost all alive, with the exception of the chief, the dreaded "Leather eye," and led in triumph to Frankfort, to be judged and hung.

As might be well expected, short work was made of such notorious criminals. The inhabitants of all the surrounding districts rushed to Frankfort to witness their execution as a most delightful spectacle.

But men and women and children who had been taught to lisp his name in terror deeply regretted that Hans Rudner was not the first to mount the scaffold.

An exceedingly pretty young woman, leading a child by the hand, was standing near the gibbet, watching the executioner performing his office, when, on suddenly turning her head, she perceived a tall man standing by her side. A cry of terror escaped her.

"Silence!" said the tall man, in a deep but concentrated and ferocious tone, while at the same time he displayed a long woodman's knife. "Silence, or that infant is an orphan."

She uttered not a word; but that wild cry of terror, and the faint murmur of the stranger's muttered words were heard by one of the municipal officers. He eyed the mysterious man before him, and remembered that the woman had passed some months in the brigand-poacher's cave. He made a sign to two of his brother-officers, and the three precipitating themselves upon the stranger, made him a prisoner, in spite of the most violent resistance, and led him before the senators.

"The poachers have been executed," said the man who had been principally instrumental in effecting his capture. "Worship ful senators you wanted the arch-fiend that led them—there he stands."

"Spare him! Spare him!" shrieked the woman, whose involuntary cry had led to his arrest, "for heaven's sake spare the father of my child!"

"Will, be it to!" said the prisoner; "let there be no farce about it! "This woman has betrayed me, but I pardon her—I am Rudner Lincks-Auge," he added, fearlessly and proudly.

"Go, tell the hangman," said a senator, "that the day's work is not yet accomplished."

"That paltry wretch who, with the assistance of two others, has made me a prisoner," quoth Rudner, "I played with him yesterday at 200 paces distance. I was about to plant a ball in his left eye—but pity withheld my hand. Had I followed my first impulse, he would have fallen dead, and (bitterly he continued) I should not now be standing before you with fettered hands."

"You reckon with certainty, then on lodging a ball at 200 paces' distance in the eye of a man?"

"Aye, 10—one after the other. They shall enter through the same hole!"

"Pooh, impossible!" said the arquebusiers of the city, who assisted at the execution, with the banner of their craft displayed.

"Because you are all bunglers," said the poacher, with an ill-suppressed sneer, "you imagine that I am no better; good! if you desire to be amused, I am ready, before I die, to show you how to handle an arquebuse."

"Agreed, agreed," shouted several of the bystanders, eagerly closing with the proposal.

The senators did not oppose the wishes of the people, and the chief of the arquebusiers said:

"Let a bottle be placed at 200 paces distance. If a ball enter through the neck without breaking it, I would most humbly suggest, right worshipful senators, that a free pardon be accorded to this man."

"A mere nothing!" said Rudner.

"True," said another of the arquebuse troop; "besides chance might serve his turn for the demon hath his luck. This lawless halliard hath borne off nine of the fairest maidens in all the district, let him, then, with the balls, writhe the figure of 9 upon the weathercock which surmounts the Thor Ernscheimer, a gate so called; let him hang else?"

The by-standers roared out their applause.

"If he fails but once (continued the same voice); if one of the balls is ill-placed, assuredly we will hang him."

"Good! good! excellent!" shouted the crowd, charmed at the idea of having two sights instead of one.

"Agreed," said Rudner. "If I do what is required of me, I shall have my pardon?"

"Yes, yes," cried the arquebusiers; "we shall demand it."

The senators consulted together for some time; and, as the majesty of the law boasted no great supremacy in those days, they informed Rudner that the condition was accepted.

"Let me have an arquebuse, powder and nine balls," said Rudner.

"Place him beneath the gibbet," said the burgermaster; "put the rope around his neck, and if he be not as good as his word, pull until death ensues."

Hans Rudner examined the arquebuse without seeming to pay the smallest attention to the painstaking and revolting laboriousness with which the executioner disposed the fatal knot, so that, at the slightest signal, he might execute the burgermaster's order. Rudner charged the piece with powder and ball, and rammed the wadding tightly down. After finishing these preparations with the minutest attention, he fired, and the weathercock, turning on its pivot, showed itself pierced through and through.

"Oh, that's nothing at all!" said one of the arquebusiers.

"Any one might do as much," said another.

"I'm waiting for the remaining balls," said a third.

"I'll wager a brace of florins," said a fourth, "that he is hung before the third ball."

"My business now is with the second, and not with the third ball," said Rudner. "Hold for a moment—look sharp—there it is."

"Now for the third," said Rudner; and he fired. "Does that describe the curve-line accurately?"

"To admiration!" was the reply.

"And the fourth—and the fifth!" quoth Rudner; "there, the O's made; I've only to put the tail to it now."

"Better and better!" cried out the astonished arquebusiers; forgetting their intense hatred of the man in their admiration of his skill.

"Now for the sixth!" The ball flew from the muzzle of his gun and lit as accurately as if the schoolmaster of the town had designated its place.

"Long live Rudner!" shouted the excited crowd; "the foremost marksman in all the world!"

Thousands of people, who but a few moments before eagerly desired the poacher's death, now offered up ardent vows for his safety! Such is human nature. The arquebusiers trembled with apprehension lest the remainiug ball should not be so accurately placed; the young woman who had been the involuntary cause of the situation of jeopardy in which he was placed, pressed her infant closer to her breast, and her heart beat almost audibly.

The three remaining balls were fired, and ranged themselves in the order which was necessary to complete the figure 9.

"Hurra!" cried the young woman.

"Hurra!" echoed the arquebusiers.

"Hurra!" repeated the people.

Rudner was instantly released from his hempen cravat and carried in triumph before the senators.

"What dost thou mean to do," was the first question asked, "with the life which we are about to render thee?"

"I will employ it in earning the character of an honest citizen."

"Lawless man, why didst thou not begin sooner?"

"My companions prevented me. They are dead—may they rest in peace. If this young woman consents, I shall become her husband to-morrow, and Frankfort shall possess no better citizen."

Hans Rudner kept his word. He became an honest citizen, a good father, and an exemplary husband," in the familiar words of the epitaph engraved upon I know not how many thousand headstones. He was unanimously appointed chief of the arquebusiers of the city. Go to Frankfort-on-the-Main: above the gate which is called the Thor Ernsch inmer, you will see a small gothic dungeon surmounted by a weather-cock. Look closely, and you may read the figure of 9 traced upon it by the nine balls of Rodney-Lincks-Auge.—*Selected.*

A SUMMER IDYL.

The potato bug is up and doing,
Still achieving, still pursuing.
—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

While grasshoppers, with voice divine,
Sing on the sweet potato vine.
—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

Soon the "